

# COLLIER'S

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

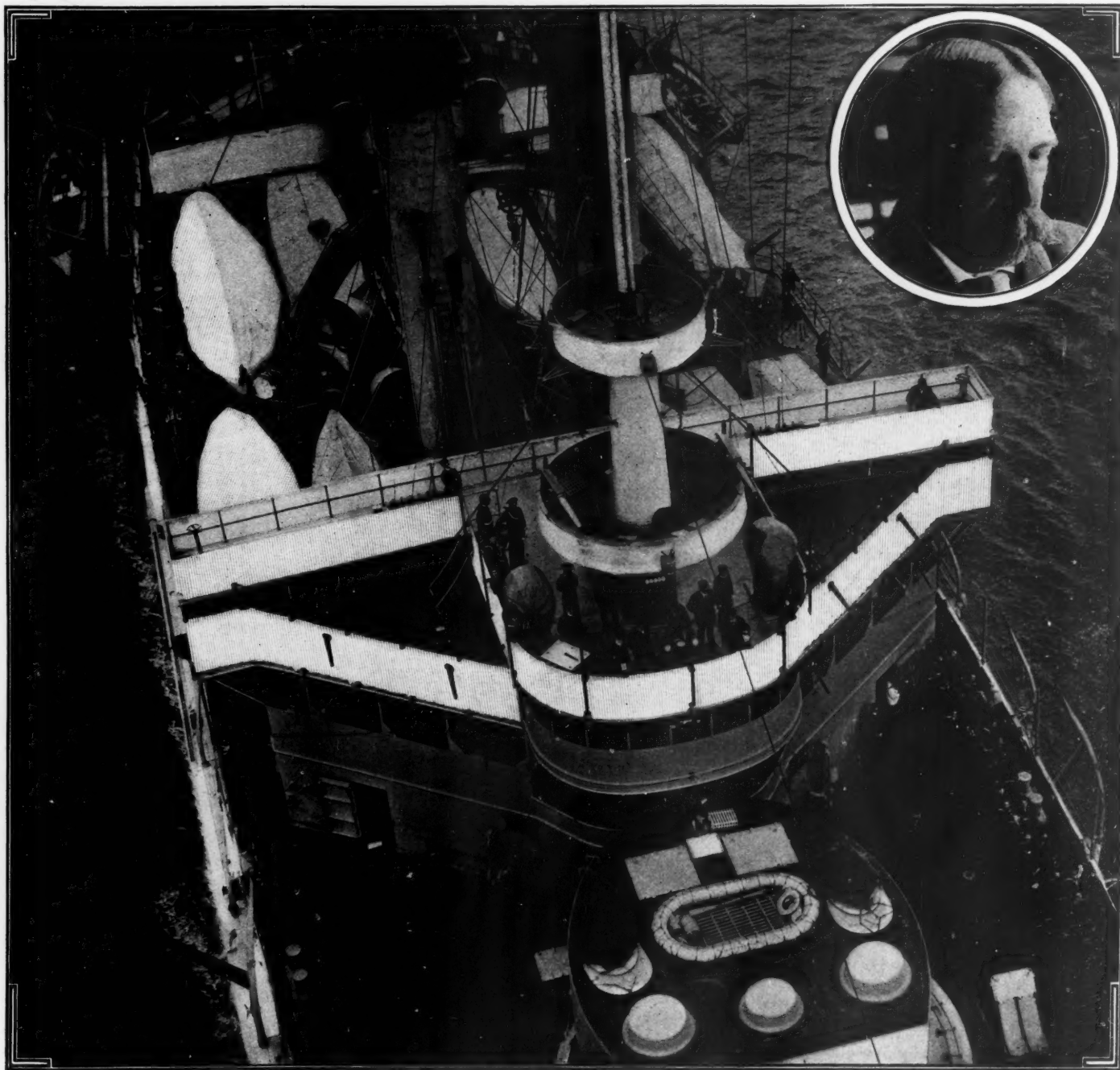
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NEW YORK MAY 17 1902

PRICE TEN CENTS

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGENDRE & LEVICK, NEW YORK

Admiral Crowninshield



### THE "ILLINOIS" OFF FOR ITALY

The "Illinois," the latest addition to the first-class battleships of the American Navy, is pictured here as she passes under Brooklyn Bridge for her maiden trip across the Atlantic. Over her flies the flag of Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, recently promoted and assigned to the command of the European squadron as a mark of the distinguished honor in which he is held by President Roosevelt. The Admiral not only goes to the most desired post in the navy, but he has been ordered to proceed to Naples and investigate the charges of the Italian police against Captain Wynne and other officers of Marines on the "Chicago" in Venice, and will also attend the naval ceremonies of the coronation of King Edward VII. The "Illinois" will be the flagship of the European squadron. Her marvellous speed of nearly 19 knots in President Roads, Boston, attracted the attention of all naval critics last summer, and she is the highest and most efficient type in the new American Navy. Probably no more striking picture of the deck of a battleship has ever been made than this photograph, which, by a special time arrangement with officials of the Navy Department, was taken from the centre span of the Brooklyn Bridge just after the great sea-fighter left the Brooklyn Navy Yard and swept down the East River on "dress parade." Captain George A. Converse is in command of the "Illinois"



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M. B. MARTIN, Secretary

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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON  
PUBLISHERS

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MAY 20, 1902, IS DESTINED TO BE A MEMORABLE date in the history of Cuba and of the United States. On that date Señor T. Estrada Palma will be inaugurated President of the Cuban Republic. The circumstances under which the new-born commonwealth will enter upon its independent career are, from some points of view, exceptionally favorable. The huge debt, amounting to between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000, which was saddled upon the island's revenues by Spain, has been entirely wiped away. Legally, Cuba is free from debt, and it is for her own Legislature to say whether she will recognize any moral obligations to the native officers and soldiers who fought in her last struggle for liberty, or during the Ten Years' War. Not only has she inherited no debt, but, owing to the tutelary position assumed toward her by the United States, she is relieved from the necessity of maintaining a navy and a standing army. If she chooses to organize a small military force, it will be needed only for the purpose of garrisoning certain fortifications and of assisting the police in preserving tranquillity and order. Among the legacies of the three years during which the insular affairs have been managed by representatives of our Federal Government are improved sanitary systems in the capital and several provincial cities, and a railway which traverses the island from one end to the other and supplies it for the first time with ample means of internal transportation. The only thing that seems lacking to assure prosperity is such a reduction of our duties on Cuban sugar as will enable the planters to cultivate at a profit the principal insular product. If Congress shall refuse to make such a reduction, the President can proceed under the provisions of the Dingley act or outside of them to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with independent Cuba, and we are confident that such a treaty would meet with the approval of two-thirds of the Senators. Mr. Bryan will no doubt testify that the assent of all the Democratic Senators to such a transaction can be relied upon, with the exception of the Senators from Louisiana.

ALTHOUGH THE BRITISH NEWSPAPERS CONTINUE to declaim against the acquisition of many British steamship lines by American capitalists, it is difficult to see what the British Government can do about it. There is no likelihood that Parliament will attempt to restrict a British subject's liberty to sell his individual property to the highest bidder. If the owners of the British steamships see fit to turn over their assets to American purchasers it is because they look upon the transaction as a lucrative one, and their legal right to enter into it is indisputable. As to the subsidies that have been annually paid to certain lines on condition that their vessels should be at the disposal of the Admiralty in the event of war, such grants of money will of course cease when the vessels are known to be no longer available. As to the desire of American capitalists to own a great transatlantic fleet, nothing could be more natural and legitimate. As we furnish four-fifths of the freight and three-fourths of the passengers conveyed across the Atlantic, we have an equitable right to exercise a control of the traffic, provided we can secure it on terms acceptable to the owners of existing lines. No doubt it is a shock to John Bull to discover that the sceptre of the Atlantic is slipping from his hand; but this is only one of the inevitable consequences of the fact that, as British statisticians have admitted, the United States now constitute the richest nation in the world, while our wealth is increasing at a much greater rate than is Great Britain's.

NO PHILANTHROPIST THAT EVER LIVED HAS approached Mr. Andrew Carnegie as regards the scope and aggregate value of his benefactions. Even if his contributions to philanthropic purposes were now brought to a close, the name of Girard or of Nobel or of Hirsh would be eclipsed by his. According to an authoritative list just published in his adopted State his donations to public ends—no account is made of his private charities—amount collectively to nearly \$70,000,000, and they are distributed between the United States, Scotland, Canada, England, Cuba and Ireland, these countries being registered in the order of the extent to which they have been beneficiaries. To the United States have been allotted upward of \$52,000,000, of which Pennsylvania has received \$19,000,000, the single city of Pittsburgh being credited with nearly \$14,000,000. In the State of New York no fewer than thirty-two libraries have been

endowed, the largest single gift being that of \$5,200,000 to New York City. With the exception of Rhode Island, Delaware, South Carolina, Mississippi, Arkansas and Idaho, every State in the Union has been remembered by Mr. Carnegie, and \$150,000 has been devoted to the establishment of a library in Porto Rico. To Scotland, his native country, Mr. Carnegie has given more than \$13,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 are to constitute a fund for assisting worthy but indigent young men to secure a college education. The only other single sum comparable in respect of magnitude is the \$10,000,000 placed in the hands of trustees in Washington to be used by them for the encouragement of scientific research throughout the United States. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Carnegie's consecration of an imperial fortune to works of beneficence will cease so long as his life shall last. Fortunately for his fellow countrymen in the United States and in the United Kingdom, he is in vigorous health, and may look forward to many a year of usefulness and honor.

IN VIEW OF THE RECEPTION WHICH WE GAVE to Prince Henry of Prussia, the representative of a kingdom which did nothing for our forefathers during their revolutionary struggle, and in view of the fact that we are sending a special embassy to attend the coronation of a great-grandson of George III., it behooves us to welcome with unparalleled enthusiasm the members of the French mission deputed by the President of the French Republic to witness the dedication of a monument to Marshal de Rochambeau on May 24. If any such thing as national gratitude exists, we ought to exhibit it on that occasion. But for the arms and ammunition secretly furnished us by the French Government during the year 1777, we should have been unable to compel the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga or to offer sturdy resistance to the capture of Philadelphia by Sir William Howe. Early in 1778, the Ministers of Louis XVI. entered into an avowed offensive and defensive alliance with this country, and placed at our disposal the armies and the fleets of France. There is no American schoolboy but knows that the surrender of Cornwallis could not have been brought about but for the presence of a French fleet under Count de Grasse in Chesapeake Bay and but for the presence of a French army under Marshal de Rochambeau before the walls of Yorktown. In the history of the world no people ever placed itself under such a memorable obligation to another as we incurred to France during our war for independence. If in 1870 we had placed our warships, our soldiers and our treasures at the disposal of France, and helped to shield her from the German invader, we should merely have repaid in kind the debt which our ancestors contracted. That obligation has never been discharged, and the very least that we can do is to prove that it is unforotten. We shall have on May 24 an opportunity of testifying that republics are not ungrateful, and for the honor of the nation it is to be hoped that we shall adequately recognize the value of the services personified in Marshal de Rochambeau.

ALTHOUGH THE CORONATION OF THE YOUNG King Alfonso XIII. at Madrid is near at hand, being fixed for May 17, there are as yet no signs that our Federal Government intends to be represented on the occasion by a special embassy. It is hard to see why the precedent set in the case of King Edward VII. should not be followed. It is true that we have had a war with Spain, but we have had two wars with Great Britain. As we were incomparably more successful in the war of 1898 than we were in the War of 1812, our motives for the exhibition of friendliness and sympathy toward our opponent in our latest contest could not be impeached. It is, of course, just possible that a special ambassador from the United States would not receive an effusive welcome at the Court of Madrid. If we had treated Great Britain as we have treated Spain, that is to say, if we had wrenched from the former as we have from the latter power the last remnants of its colonial empire, it may be that Mr. Whitelaw Reid would not be *persona grata* at the coronation of King Edward VII. We believe, however, that the Castilians are too chivalrous and magnanimous to nurse a grudge, and that they would be glad to testify by their cordial reception of a special ambassador that the two countries, lately at variance are now friends in fact as well as in name. It would have been, at all events, a graceful act on the part of

our State Department to offer the same mark of respect and amity to the young Spanish sovereign as to the ruler of the British Empire. We add that all of the great powers except the United States, and most of the minor powers, will be represented at Madrid, either by members of reigning families or by special embassies.

THE AGRARIAN UPRISINGS WHICH ARE TAKING place in many parts of central and southern Russia are of grave importance, because they indicate that the Nihilists have at last succeeded in infecting the peasantry with revolutionary ideas. So long as the *monjiks*, or agricultural laborers, who escaped from serfdom in 1861, remained faithful to the Czar, the overthrow of the absolutist regime was impracticable. Now the propagandists of revolution have persuaded them by means of a forged ukase that Nicholas II. has decided to distribute among them the lands which were reserved for the nobles at the time of the emancipation. Accepting the ukase as genuine, the peasants have proceeded to divide among themselves the lands of the neighboring proprietors, and, when any resistance has been offered, they have burned the houses of the country gentlemen. Of course, the uprisings will be easily put down by the standing army, but the danger is that, in the process, the unquestioning devotion with which the *monjiks* have hitherto regarded the Czar will be extinguished. When the loyalty of the peasantry is gone the fidelity of the soldiery may not long prove trustworthy.

WE SHALL SOON KNOW WHETHER THERE IS any basis for the assertion made by M. Hugues Le Roux at Chicago, that a written confession of guilt was made by Captain Dreyfus after the conclusion of the second court-martial and that the document is in the possession of the French Government. According to M. Le Roux, the fact explains why Captain Dreyfus has been content to accept a pardon, and has made no effort to rehabilitate his character and to regain his rank in the army. The existence of a confession has also been supposed to account for the severance of the former cordial relations between Dreyfus and his advocate, Maître Labori, and for the alleged loss of Zola's friendship. No sooner, however, was the allegation made by M. Le Roux telegraphed to Europe than Zola denied that the friendly relations between himself and Captain Dreyfus had been impaired, or that he had ever seen a document signed by Dreyfus and containing an admission of guilt. It will be observed that this denial does not meet the charge, which was that the confession was made to a representative of the French Government and now exists in its archives. As there is no doubt that M. Le Roux is a man of high repute in his profession, who would be likely to weigh his words before he uttered them, his assertion is certain to be made the subject of an interpellation on the assembling of the new Chamber of Deputies. Should it turn out that the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet had Dreyfus's confession before it when he was pardoned, it will give its Nationalist opponents a better pretext for attacking it than they have hitherto had. There could be no valid excuse for pardoning a confessed traitor, much less for allowing the pardon to be popularly construed as a justification of the doubt entertained regarding the good faith of the military tribunals. It is of vital moment to France that the prestige of her army shall be upheld, if this can be done without any violation of truth and justice. Consequently, it was the duty of the government to vindicate the action of the two courts-martial by publishing Dreyfus's confession, if any such document was forthcoming.

ALTHOUGH NO DEFINITE ASSURANCE OF PEACE is yet forthcoming from South Africa, there are indications that the Boer leaders in the field are disposed to accept the latest terms offered by Great Britain. The principal obstacle to the successful conclusion of negotiations has been the unwillingness of the loyalists in Natal and Cape Colony to see the principle of amnesty extended to the Afrikaner rebels who have joined the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. If, in deference to their objections, the war should be prolonged for another twelvemonth, the British taxpayer will have good reason to complain; for, according to the latest Parliamentary statement, the war in South Africa will have cost him \$1,115,000,000 by the close of the present fiscal year. That is a stupendous price to pay for the satisfaction of ruling over the Transvaal.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, DEPARTING FOR CUBA MAY 12, WILL REPRESENT COLLIER'S WEEKLY EXCLUSIVELY AT THE INAUGURATION OF T. ESTRADA PALMA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC. MR. BRYAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE CEREMONIES WILL BE CABLED FROM HAVANA TO COLLIER'S WEEKLY, IN ORDER THAT OUR READERS MAY HAVE THE VERY FIRST FULL DESCRIPTION, FROM A MASTER MIND, OF THIS EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY COMMENCEMENT



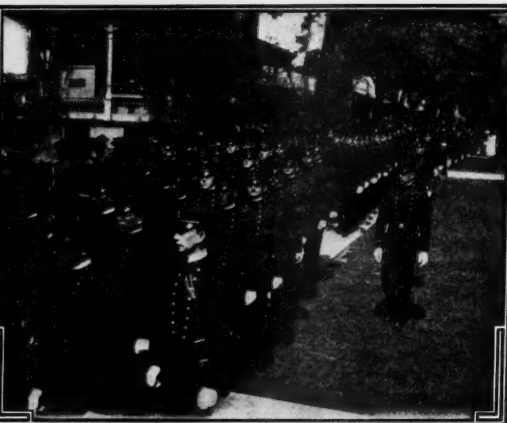
President Roosevelt, Superintendent Wainwright and Commandant Calahan going to the Chapel to take Part in the Graduating Exercises



"San Juan! San Juan! San Juan! The President! The President!"



Miss Alice Roosevelt and "Official Lady Guests"



Cadets Marching to the Campus for the Graduating Exercises



PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

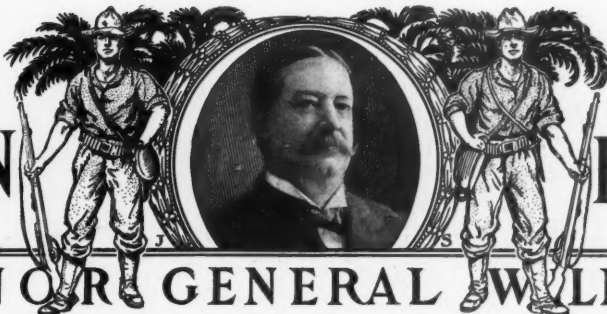
The Formal Presentation of Diplomas—President Roosevelt handing the "Sheepskins" to the Graduating Naval Officers

President Roosevelt, establishing a new precedent, attended the graduating exercises of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, May 2, and delivered the diplomas to the Cadets. This is one of the regular duties of the Secretary of the Navy. The President was accompanied by Miss Alice Roosevelt, Secretary Cortelyou, Mrs. Cowles, Dr. John F. Urie, Chairman Foss of the House Naval Committee, Representative Burton of the same Committee, and the Russian and German Naval Attaches. The President took great interest in the various ceremonies. The honor-men of the class were Henry G. Wallace, Greenville, Alabama; Horace S. Klyce, Fayetteville, Arkansas; Frank War Stirling, Chicago; John W. Woodruff, Ludington, Michigan; James O. Richardson, Paris, Texas; Emory Scott Land, Laramie, Wyoming. Later Miss Alice Roosevelt was guest of honor at the Academy Ball



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# THE TRUE CONDITION



# OF AFFAIRS IN THE PHILIPPINES

## BY GOVERNOR GENERAL WILLIAM H. TAFT

### SHOWING WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN CAGAYÁN AND CAPIZ

**C**AGAYÁN is a province in the northeastern part of Luzon at the mouth of the Cagayán River. The valley of the Cagayán River lies between two ranges of mountains, is much of it alluvial, and is probably the richest valley from an agricultural standpoint in the whole archipelago. It is not at all thickly settled, however, and the percentage of the educated people is much less than in the provinces about Manila. Tobacco is the great product of the valley, though other crops could be raised to great advantage.

The Commission appointed here in August, when the province was organized, Graciano Gonzaga as governor, and he has been elected. The province is wholly at peace and is very little troubled by ladrones. Cagayán had on hand at the end of November eight thousand eight hundred and ten dollars in its treasury.

Capiz, which is the northern part of the island of Panay, was organized in March of 1901 and Dr. Jugo Vidal was appointed its governor. He is an active and an educated man; was quite useful in bringing about peace in the province a month or two before its organization and, standing for election, has been successful.

Capiz is a province in former times quite rich. It has been much injured by the war, but still more by the cattle disease and locusts. So great was the destruction that, as in the case of Ambos Camarines, the Commission felt called upon to appropriate twenty-five thousand dollars for the improvement of its roads and bridges, to be spent in the neighborhood where there was danger of suffering from famine. The rice crop of last fall seems to have restored more normal conditions, though the destruction of cattle, amounting to seventy-five per cent, much retards a return to prosperous agriculture.

One source of profit to the inhabitants is forty miles of nipa swamp along the coast. The juice of the stalk that bears the flower of the nipa palm is distilled and makes the vino, the chief alcoholic drink of the Filipinos. Alcohol is also made from this juice, and it is quite probable that much larger distilleries will be constructed in Capiz than ever before.

Capiz is altogether free from insurrection, but the governor complains of the presence of ladrones in the mountains who, tempted by the high price of carabaos, make a regular business of stealing them. The constabulary is devoting a great deal of attention to the pursuit of the cattle thieves. There was twenty-eight thousand three hundred and four dollars in the treasury of Capiz at the end of November, but against this there was an obligation to the general government of twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars to be repaid in five years.

### A REALLY GOOD FILIPINO GOVERNOR

The province of Cavite is the province which lies southwest of Manila, bordering on Manila Bay, Batangas, and forming the southeastern coast of the island of Luzon. It is the province in which the friars own one hundred and twenty-five acres of land. When Cavite was organized in the month of June the Commission appointed Mariano Trias as governor. Trias was the next in command of the insurrectionary army after Aguinaldo and it was currently reported that Aguinaldo by will had conferred upon him the headship of the insurrection in case of the former's death.

Trias surrendered in April, and every act of his since has shown that his surrender and acceptance of American sovereignty were in good faith. He was most efficient in bringing in arms, and, during the recent campaign of General Bell in Batangas, which drove the insurgents over into Cavite, he has been most active and successful, in co-operation with the constabulary and local police, in capturing these wandering bands, in obtaining rifles and in breaking up in the mountains of Cavite the nests of marauders and robbers which were well known in Spanish times. By acts, not words, for he is a silent man, Trias has manifested his desire to become a useful member of the civil government.

Cavite was the province in which the insurrection against the Spaniards began, and this was doubtless due to the growing bitterness developed among the people by the landlordism

**EDITOR'S NOTE.—THE CONCLUDING HALF OF JUDGE TAFT'S OWN STORY SETTING FORTH THE RESULT OF HIS LABORS IN AMERICANIZING THE PHILIPPINES, INAUGURATING EFFECTIVE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS COMPOSED OF BOTH AMERICANS AND FILIPINOS, AND SHOWING WHY WE MAY EXPECT TO SOON SEE OUR PACIFIC POSSESSIONS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER, UNDER CIVIL CONTROL AND THE SUZERAINTY OF THE UNITED STATES**

of the friars. The question is still acute and the solution offered by the purchase of the land from the friars or their agents, to whom it has now been conveyed, seems the only one. Cavite has four thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight dollars in its treasury and still owes the government twenty-five hundred dollars. This, however, will be very much increased when the land tax is levied.

### GOOD AMERICAN, BAD FILIPINO

In Cebu, though the province was still disturbed by insurrection, the Commission, in April, 1901, at the earnest request of the representatives of the towns, organized the province and appointed a provincial governor and other officers. They appointed as governor, Julio Llorente, who was then a justice of the Supreme Court, appointed by General Otis, and a native of the island of Cebu. Subsequently Cebu was returned to control of the military governor, but is now restored to civil government.

Llorente was one of the best governors in the islands. He was active and sincere in his efforts to bring about peace, and it was with his material assistance that General Hughes was able to secure a surrender of the insurgent forces there in October last. At the February election, Governor Llorente was defeated by Juan Climaco, who had been one of the insurgent leaders in the island. There were twenty-nine candidates for the position of governor. The election resulted as follows: Juan Climaco 249 votes, Julio Llorente 122, Pedro Rodriguez 12, Miguel Logarta 6, and Florentino Rallos 5.

On the whole, Climaco was probably the best one of the insurgent leaders who could have been selected. The reason for Llorente's defeat, however, throws a significant light on the attitude of the people toward the friars and the ease with which popular suspicions can be aroused on this subject. In the days of the Spanish persecutions of Filipinos for sedition and treason, Llorente was arrested and was only saved from deportation or death by the intervention of the Bishop Garcia of Cebu, a Spanish friar who is now acting as Archbishop of Manila and who was probably the most popular bishop in the islands and shared less of the hatred for the friars than any other prelate. After Llorente became governor two or three friars were sent to Cebu by the church authorities to take up parish work. Their coming created a very profound protest from the people and resolutions were adopted at popular meetings demanding of the governor that he send them back from Cebu to Manila. So deep was the feeling that the two or three thousand people gathered in the church to hear the regular Sunday sermon, when one of the friars ascended the pulpit, left the church in a body.

### NO RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE

In response to the petition, Governor Llorente properly said that he had no authority to remove or exclude the friars from the province of Cebu; that the practice of religion was free, and that friars had the right to preach provided they conducted themselves in a decent and orderly manner. Notwithstanding that he had simply discharged his plain duty, when the election came he was defeated as a friend of the friars, and this shows clearly what may be expected should the friars attempt to return to their parishes under protection of government police. The government would be made responsible for their coming and the hostile feeling of the people which the friars now certainly have would be turned toward the government.

The province of Cebu is in point of population and extent possibly the largest in the islands and embraces the entire

island. It has in its treasury nineteen thousand three hundred and seven dollars with a debt of twenty-five hundred dollars. It is now most peaceable.

One of the ablest and most successful of the American judges, Judge Carlock of Illinois, was assigned to Cebu. Though not proficient in Spanish when he came, he now tries cases without difficulty, both in the Spanish and in the Cebu dialect of the Visayan language. He is very popular among the people and was most prominent in the peace overtures which led to the surrender of the insurgents. He says in a personal letter to me:

"There was great animation and no election was ever more orderly. It was a great lesson to the people, which they appreciate, as a reading of these editorials will prove. This province has taken on new life and hope. Everybody is content. All say that another insurrection here is not feasible because the conduct of our government has convinced and satisfied the masses." [The editorials referred to are from the local papers of Cebu.]

### THE NATIVES DID NOT LIKE THE COMMISSION'S APPOINTMENTS

Ilocos Norte is one of the Ilocano provinces and is the northwestern province in Luzon. The Commission had here appointed Agbayani as governor, but he was thought by the people to have too many of the Spanish traditions of government and was defeated by Elias Villanueva. The vote at the first election stood as follows: Elias Villanueva 70, Aguedo Agbayani 32, Julio Agcaoli 22, Irineo Javier 19, scattering 9. A new election was ordered, because no candidate received a majority, and Villanueva was then successful. In Ilocos Norte there was in the treasury at the end of December eight thousand four hundred and thirty-one dollars.

In Ilocos Sur, which is just south of Ilocos Norte, Meua Crisologo, the native appointed by the Commission for governor, was elected. In La Union, the province next south of Ilocos Sur, Joaquin Ortega, a prominent business man, appointed by the Commission, was elected. These two provinces and Ilocos Norte are Ilocano provinces and are rich in tobacco. The insurrection at one time was widely extended through them, but now there are no more peaceable counties in the States than these. Ilocos Sur has ten thousand three hundred and forty-seven dollars in its treasury and La Union has eight thousand three hundred and ninety-seven. The capital of the province of Union is the pretty little town of San Fernando, a photograph of which was sent me, and, accompanying it, is a photograph of the convention which assembled at San Fernando and elected Juan Ortega as governor.

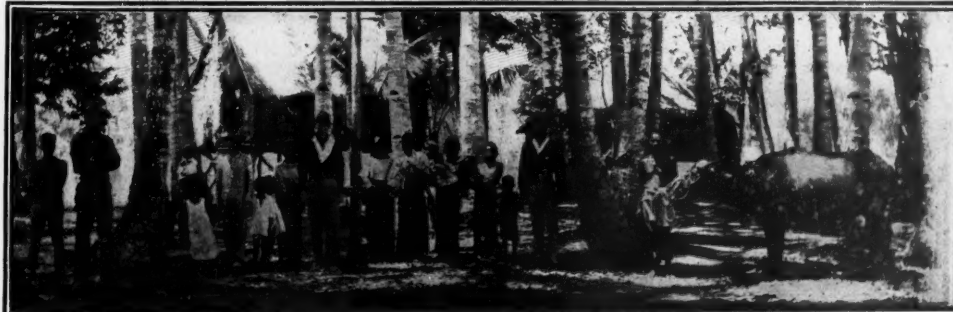
### GUBERNATORIAL OFFICE GOES BEGGING

In the province of Iloilo, Martin Delgado, who had but recently been the commanding general of the insurgent forces, was recommended to the Commission for appointment as governor by General Hughes. Delgado has proven to be a faithful officer. While his removal of a presidente for malfeasance in office, in which he was sustained by the Commission, created a feeling against him in some quarters, he was nevertheless able to defeat the opposition in the town election at Iloilo.

In December there were two or three Americans elected to the Common Council, who were members, therefore, of the convention which elected Delgado governor. Peace reigns in Iloilo and the inhabitants are busy in gathering their crops. There are, however, occasional raids by ladrones from the mountains for the purpose of lifting cattle. There is in the treasury of Iloilo sixteen thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars. The Commission offered, in the law by which twenty-five thousand dollars was appropriated for Ambos Camarines and Capiz, to give the same sum to Iloilo, because of a reported rice famine in that province, but the provincial board, after an investigation, concluded to decline the loan.

In Isabela, Captain Johnston, who was appointed governor, declined to stand for election and Francisco Dichoso, appointed secretary by the Commission, was elected. La

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AN ARMY OFFICER SERVING IN THE PHILIPPINES



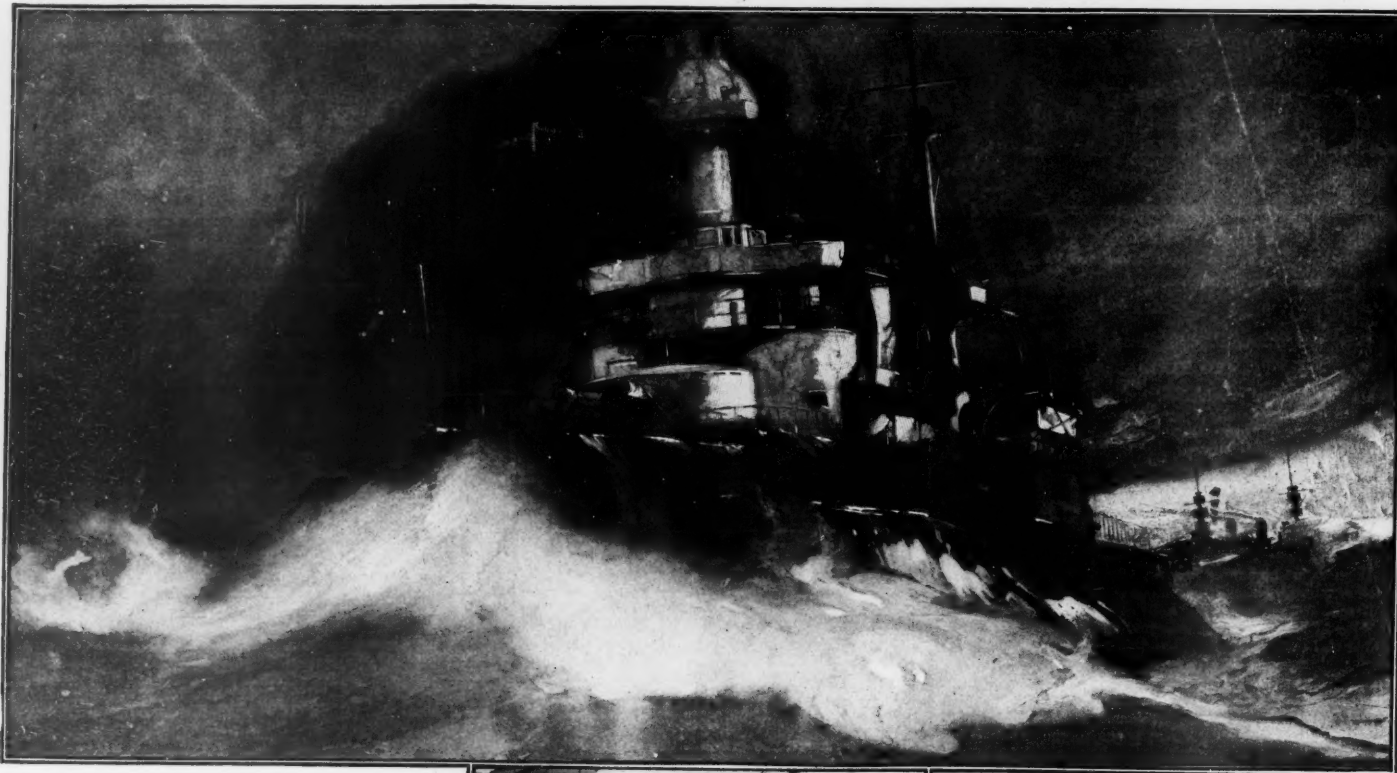
Another Phase of Assimilation that may become Popular as Time goes on



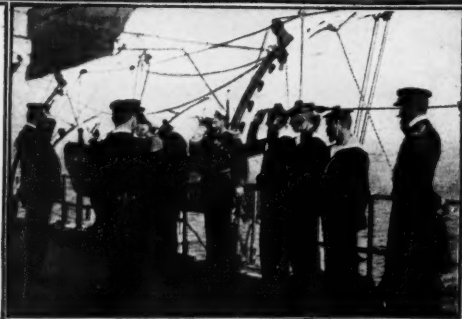
Market-boats off Catbalogan

# THE "GAULOIS" EN ROUTE TO AMERICA

DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



The big man-of-war "Gaulois," one of France's most formidable sea-fighters, left Toulon, May 5, for the United States. She will proceed at once to Annapolis, where she is expected to arrive on May 21 or 22, in time to permit the French mission on board to participate in the unveiling of the Rochambeau monument at Washington, May 24. Among the distinguished visitors she is bringing over are Vice-Admiral Fournier of the French Navy, and General Brugere, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army. After the Rochambeau ceremonies the "Gaulois" will visit New York, and later Boston, staying a few days at



Vice-Admiral Fournier Boarding his Flagship in Toulon Harbor

each place. The "Gaulois" is a 11,275 ton steel turret ship of 14,500 horse-power. She cost over \$5,000,000 and carries a crew of 632 men. It is a noteworthy fact that this is the first time a French first-class battleship has crossed the Atlantic. The monument about to be unveiled is a fitting though long deferred tribute to the memory of Jean Baptiste de Rochambeau, whose sympathies and aid were with the struggling Colonies during the Revolution. He commanded the army of six thousand sent from France to the United States in 1780, and helped Washington on the victorious field of Yorktown.

bela is capable of great development, especially in the production of tobacco, but the people are very ignorant.

In Marinduque, Ricardo Paras; in Masbate, Bonifacio Serrano; in Oriental Negros, Demetrio Larena; in Occidental Negros, Leandro Locsin; in Rizal, Ambrosio Flores; in Romblon, Francisco Sanz; in Surigao, Prudencio Garcia; in Zambales, Potenciano Lesaca—all appointees of the Commission—were elected.

Marinduque is a small but rich island at the south of Luzon. Masbate was wealthy, but as this wealth was mostly in cattle, and they have been destroyed by disease, it is now in a poor condition. In Nueva Ecija, which is a Tagalog province in eastern Luzon, Captain Krebs was appointed governor. He declined to stand for election and in his place was elected Epifanio de los Santos, as a compromise between the two factions, one headed by General Lacuna and the other by Colonel Padelia, former insurgent officers.

## "SMITH'S PROVINCE," WHERE BRIGANDS AND MARAUDERS ABOUND

Occidental Negros is the great sugar province, and the sugar planters are very anxious that the Dingley rates should be reduced by seventy-five per cent, with the hope that this may help them. The island of Negros, though there never was any insurrection there, is more infested with ladrones than any other part of the archipelago. A spine of impassable mountains between the east and the west coast, with dense forests, furnishes a safe hiding place for these marauders, and the rich hacienda owners are made to suffer. One of the tasks of the civil government is to destroy these bands.

In Leyte, a rich hemp province and island, J. H. Grant, a volunteer officer appointed governor by the Commission, has been elected. In this province the alleged aggressions (now under inquiry) of the military under General Smith upon the civil jurisdiction have made the task of governor exceedingly uncomfortable, but his earnest effort to protect the people from unlawful trade restrictions and arbitrary arrests by military officers made the people grateful and his election was in the nature of a personal triumph.

In Misamis, one of the northern provinces of Mindanao, Manuel Corrales was appointed governor by the Commission. In the eastern part of this province the civil government has been entirely successful, but in the western part, especially in and about the town of Jimenez, the interference of an infantry officer named Ryan with the municipal officers of Jimenez so discouraged Governor Corrales that, though elected, he declined to serve. Ryan has been ordered to Manila for trial, and Governor Corrales has been induced to withdraw his declination. In Pampanga, which is the first province organized by the Commission and which lies about twenty-five miles north of Manila, Ceferino Joven was appointed governor.

The first ballot for governor resulted as follows: Monico

Marcado 60 votes, Ramon Valdes 57, Ceferino Joven 12, Macario Arbedo 11, scattering 13. At the second election, however, Joven was successful.

In Pangasinan, the largest and most wealthy province in Luzon, Perfecto Sison, who had been an excellent governor but had made enemies by the strict enforcement of the law, was defeated and Macario Fabila, appointed secretary by the Commission, was elected.

## THE "MANILA COUNTRY"

In Rizal, which is old Manila (exclusive of the city of Manila) and Morong united, there was a very active campaign between Ambrosio Flores, who had been appointed governor by the Commission—a former insurgent general and afterward leader of the Federal party—and Pedro A. Paterno, Aguinaldo's former Secretary of State, and a prominent and active member of the peace party of Manila. Flores had been quite severe in his discipline of municipal presidents, who failed in duty from misfeasance and nonfeasance, and it was supposed that he would be defeated; but though Paterno received 104 votes Flores was elected.

In Sorsogon, Captain Livingston, who had been appointed governor, declined election and was succeeded by Bernardino Monreal. In Tarlac, Captain Wallis O. Clarke declined to stand for election and Alfonso Ramos was elected. Tarlac was the province in which, on the recommendation of the American officers in charge, Juan Cordona was appointed secretary by the Commission. Subsequently a vigorous inspector of constabulary was sent to Tarlac, who unearthed a conspiracy for the stealing of water buffalo, and it turned out that Juan Cordona, who had been, before he was made secretary, presidente of one of the large towns, was the head of this band of cattle lifters. He was a man of considerable capacity and force, but they both seem to have been misdirected. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

In Tayabas, where the Commission appointed Major Cornelius Gardener to be governor, Governor Gardener declined to stand for election, although the convention requested him to do so. He was succeeded, however, by Captain H. H. Bandholtz. The financial conditions of the provinces just referred to are shown as follows by the amount of money on hand:

Marinduque \$1,122.75, Masbate \$1,051.66, Nueva Ecija \$1,128.98, Occidental Negros \$20,143.67, Oriental Negros \$17,742.23, Pampanga \$18,949.55, Rizal \$2,890.35, Sorsogon \$12,875.02, Surigao \$4,311.20, Zambales \$5,749.33, Tarlac \$10,110.76, Pangasinan \$21,013.98, Misamis \$3,116.43, Romblon \$2,745.43, Tayabas \$11,424.27, and Leyte \$16,075.45.

In all the provinces there was great public interest taken in the elections, but there was no disturbance at any one. In only two, Bataan and Surigao, were charges of fraud

made, and these were being investigated by Governor Wright when the last letter was mailed from Manila.

In explanation of the present financial condition of the provinces, it should be said that the central government is supported by customs receipts chiefly, while the provincial and municipal governments derive their income from a small poll tax of one dollar Mexican imposed on males from eighteen to fifty-five years of age, from internal revenue or industrial taxes and from licenses for public timber cutting. A land tax has also been provided, but as yet no income has been derived from that, because the assessment of the land for taxation throughout the provinces has only just been completed and collections are not due till next July. The maximum limit of taxation upon land is one-half of one per cent for municipal purposes and three-eighths of one per cent for provincial purposes. Of receipts from these sources one-half collected in the municipality is to be devoted to schools and one-third collected in the province is to be devoted to roads and bridges.

## ALL OF WHICH PROVES THAT THERE ARE REAL GOVERNMENTS IN THE PHILIPPINES

I have gone over this doubtless tedious account of the provincial elections for the purpose of showing that the provincial law is not a mere dead letter, but that under it have been established real governments, going concerns, in which the people are taking an interest. They are collecting taxes, building roads and bridges and through the constabulary and the local police are discharging the duties of local governments. Civil and criminal process of the courts runs without obstruction. Statements are made from time to time that the civil governments in the islands are a failure. These statements are made either by persons having no knowledge upon the subject or by those who are so influenced by their extreme views in favor of military government and the wisdom of prolonging it in the islands that they are not sufficiently patient with the necessary defects of governments but recently established under such unusual circumstances and fail to see the hopeful signs and the real progress made. These governments have not had an average life of more than six months. That they should give such evidences of their usefulness as are to be found in what has already been stated and in the annual reports of the governors filed with the Civil Governor, it seems to me is a cause for satisfaction. The educational effect upon the people of elections held as these have been held and of the governments conducted as they have been and will be conducted, under the eye of the people, must be good.

The organization of Laguna, Samar and Mindoro under civil government, and the restoration of Batangas and Bohol, already organized, to civil control, all of which will be accomplished within the next two months, will bring under the milder supervision of the civil government substantially all the six millions of Christian Filipino people.



## THE PASSING OF A DISTINGUISHED CHURCHMAN

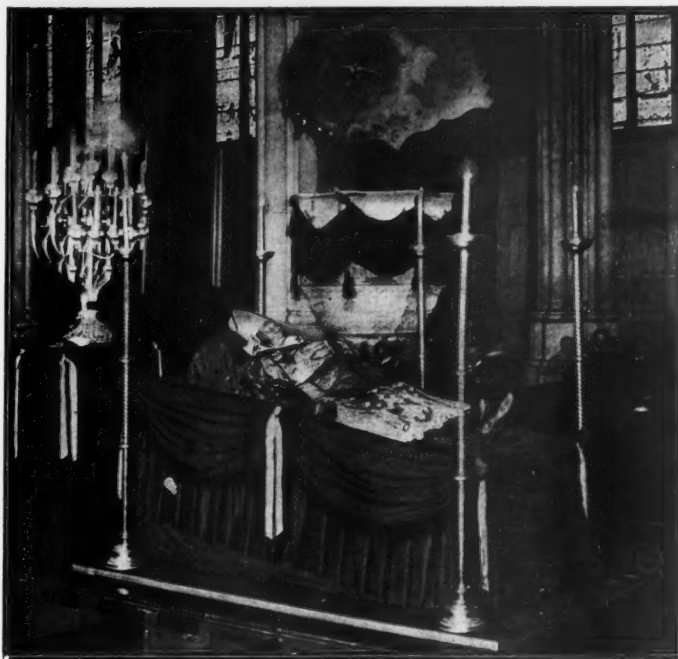


Carrying the Casket Containing the Body of Archbishop Corrigan into St. Patrick's Cathedral, May 7

**M**ICHAEL AUGUSTINE CORRIGAN, Archbishop of New York, died at his residence in this city at eleven o'clock on the night of May 5. The immediate cause of his death was heart trouble, following an attack of pneumonia, from which he had nearly recovered. The Archbishop had not been in good health since a fall which he sustained during the visit of Prince Henry. A half-hour before his death he was talking cheerfully with his secretary, Father Curley. He suddenly said, "I am feeling weaker, worse than I have ever felt." From this moment he sank rapidly, and died in a few minutes.

Archbishop Corrigan had been for years one of the most prominent and powerful leaders in the Catholic hierarchy. His vast store of knowledge of the conditions of Catholicism in America, as well as his counsel, was greatly valued by the Pope. It is said that during his Episcopate he did more effective work in the dissemination of the Catholic faith, and that he directed the building of more churches, monasteries, convents, homes, asylums and schools, than any prelate in his generation. The Pope, when he heard of his death, said that the Archbishop had left a long memory of apostolic zeal, and added: "It has been one of the greatest bitter-nesses of my long life to see the strongest champions of the militant church claimed by death. Archbishop Corrigan was very affectionate to us. We esteemed and loved him greatly."

Archbishop Corrigan was not the aged man that is usually supposed to hold the high position of Archbishop. He was born in Newark,



The Body of Archbishop Corrigan Lying in State in St. Patrick's Cathedral

N. J., August 14, 1840, and was the son of John and Mary Corrigan, who came from Leinster, Ireland. He was destined for the Bar, but a tour in Europe decided him for the Church. After the usual priestly course of studies, he was ordained at the Lateran Basilica in 1863. He became Vicar-General of Newark in 1870, was appointed Bishop of the Newark Diocese in 1873, and was elevated to the archiepiscopal see of Pe-ra in 1880. He succeeded Cardinal McCloskey as Archbishop of New York in 1885.

The see of New York is the richest and most important in the United States. It includes eleven counties near this city, and the Bahama Islands. It has 199 churches, of which 79 are in New York, and includes a Catholic population of 1,200,000, a large proportion of which represents the fruit of the Archbishop's labors.

Perhaps no prelate in the Western Continent ever received such honors and such popular devotion as were received by Archbishop Corrigan in the later years of his life and the ceremonies of his funeral. All the leaders of Catholicism sent messages of condolence and of appreciation of the Archbishop's life work. It is estimated that a quarter of a million persons passed through St. Patrick's Cathedral to see his body, which lay in state there for two days.

The temporary successor will be Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar-General, who is now the administrative head of the archdiocese. Monsignor Farley, Auxiliary Bishop and senior Vicar-General, is now on his way home from Rome, and will take over the administrative powers, temporarily, as soon as he arrives.

## "I WISH THEY WOULD COME OUT!"

**I**T WAS as hot as—well, anything that you have felt on earth, that night down in the interior of the flag-ship *New York* outside Santiago, the battle-hatches closed, and the air in this inverted iron tank intolerable. The temperature of the water outside the ship was eighty-five degrees, and goodness knows what the temperature of the air was within.

I had been making an attempt to sleep in a hospital hammock (without pajamas) and an electric fan playing at the foot of it; but the shoot of air sent by the electric fan felt like a furnace blast. A murmurous throbbing of restrained machinery pulsed through that aquatic dormitory. On each side of me men lay tossing in the heat.

Long before a reasonable hour for rising I found that sleep was no longer possible, so put on my clothes and went on deck. The sun had not yet risen, but "the awful rose of dawn" was unfolding its petals amid the clouds over the Cuban hills. Up on deck the air was fresh and almost cool. The scene was utterly peaceful, the glassy surface of the water heaved as if breathing in sleep—heaved against the immobile sides of the ironclad as the silent swell passed by to end its journey in the noiseless line of foam at the base of Morro Castle. The light increased in the silence and the purple hills were streaked adown their sides with bright details of green and yellow. A narrow gap in the coast line showed the entrance to Santiago Harbor.

At the extremity of the stern a marine stood sentry and the quarterdeck was unoccupied except by one lone figure. Facing the entrance of the harbor, his glasses in his right hand (a thin, well-groomed hand projecting from the stiff edge of a starched blue and white cuff, resting on his knee), sat Admiral Sampson, watching, watching, and waiting, as he had watched and waited for so many days before. As I came up, in a low tone, as if not to disturb all the other sleepers on the ship or the great silence that hung in the air, he said, "I wish they would come out, Lynch!" And like this he watched through morning, noon and night, with every preparation made for their reception that his skill and forethought and knowledge could devise.

It is difficult for outsiders to understand what a blow that must have been to Sampson. Starting on the very lowest

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REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON

Rear-Admiral Sampson died in Washington from cerebral hemorrhage, May 6. He was born in Palmyra, N. Y., in 1840.

rung of the ladder, he had steadily made his way up step by step through every grade of naval rank until now he was in command of the American fleet at a crisis of opportunity never before offered—then the great supreme moment, and by bad luck he was away. Thoroughly acquainted with every branch of his intricate profession, cold, hard, determined, he appeared the human emanation or incarnation of an ironclad.

I recollect well the first time I met him. I had gone along-side the *Marblehead*, Captain McCalla's ship, in Guantanamo Bay with a message for him. It was very early in the morning, and I had only just slipped on a pair of white ducks, white jacket and shoes. As I handed up the message he caught sight of me and, notwithstanding my pointing out that I was less than half-dressed, shirtless and sockless, he insisted on my coming along and having breakfast with him.

The nights following the arrival of that immense flotilla of transports outside of Santiago was the time when the Spanish fleet might most effectually have made a break from the harbor. The flotilla lights at night looked like a seaport town, and if the Spaniards had chosen to run amuck through them a few lucky shots might have sent many to the bottom; once they were among the United States ships there would have been great difficulty in firing for fear of hitting the transports themselves.

Sampson was thoroughly alive to the danger during this critical period. His planning of the landing a few days later was complete and masterly, and admirably carried out, and there can be no one in the navy who doubts that if he had been personally on the spot during the battle of Santiago the country would have had anything to find fault with. The victory would have been crushing, decisive, complete. His unfortunate absence on that memorable day cannot but call forth the keenest quiver of regret from those who have striven and, striving, have just failed. Opportunity, Opportunity, how many triumphs are effected in thy name! The greatest monuments in the world should be raised above the graves of the forgotten dead! The day before or the day after, if the Spaniards had bolted, what monument would be magnificent enough for Sampson's victory?

GEORGE LYNCH.

EDWARD  
PENFIELD  
1901



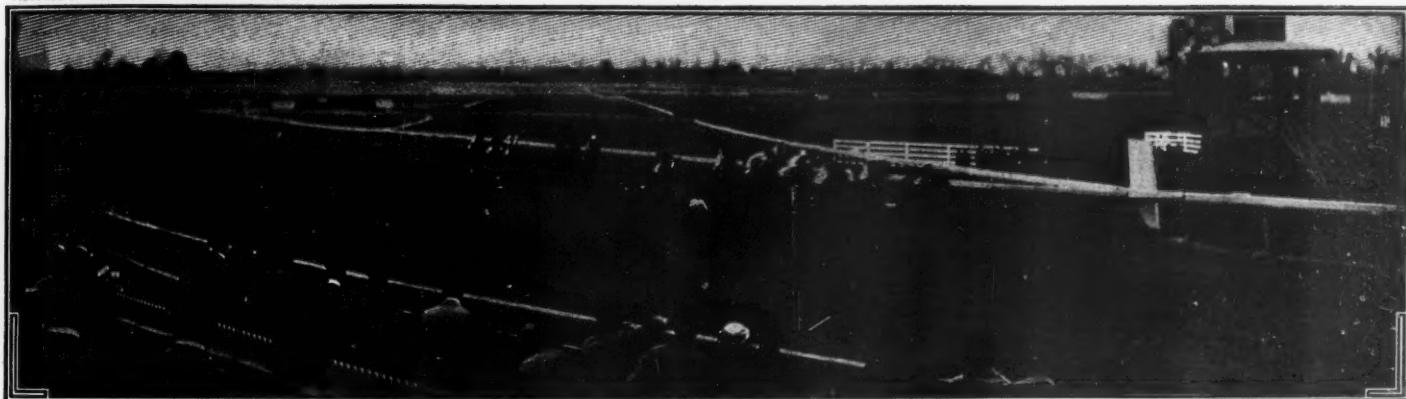
# Richard Harding Davis.

**Special Representative of Collier's Weekly at the Coronations of Edward VII of England & Alfonso XIII of Spain.**

Unquestionably the two most notable events of the coming months will be the ceremonies attendant upon the crowning of the young Spanish King at Madrid, May 17, and the coronation of Edward of England in Westminster Abbey, London, June 27. Richard Harding Davis will be present on both occasions in behalf of Collier's Weekly, and will describe the events exclusively for this publication in that picturesque and graphic style which has made him the foremost American correspondent. His experience at the coronation of the Czar in 1896, and at Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, have peculiarly fitted Mr. Davis to report the approaching ceremonials.



PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE



The Finish of the Metropolitan Handicap—"Arsenal Wins!"

## THE GREAT METROPOLITAN HANDICAP

By WILFRED P. POND

**T**HE FIRST great race of 1902 was decided in the twelfth running of the Metropolitan Handicap at Morris Park on Saturday, May 3, and this event may be said to also open the social summer season of the metropolis.

Although there are at least half a dozen important racing contests, of greater value and greater age, decided each year, the Metropolitan has always held a very strong position in popularity, and as a consequence has little by little increased in attendance since its introduction in 1881 until this year, when, notwithstanding a drizzling rain, nearly thirty thousand racing enthusiasts attended to see the contest decided. It is not surprising that with such popularity the value of the purse offered should steadily have been increased until it has become the richest of the great Spring Handicaps. The Brooklyn and the Suburban are guaranteed \$10,000 events, but the Metropolitan is given \$7,500 by the Westchester Racing Association, to which is added the entrance fees and forfeits of the sixty-three nominations with which it closed last February; this resulted in a purse of \$11,220, of which the winner received \$8,907, the second \$1,500, and the third \$750.

Three hours before the race the crowd came pouring by road and rail, and for the first time the automobile outranked the four-in-hand, there being forty-two of the former and thirty-seven of the latter parked respectively round the clubhouse and the paddock. The club-house verandas and front windows were crowded with people whom the drizzle kept from the lawn and paddocks; and the enormous grandstand, the finest in the world, had every seat occupied and thousands standing, while the betting ring was more like a pen of turtles than anything else, the only difference being that they did not actually climb over one another.

As a rule there is a strong current in favor of one particular horse, which is therefore termed the favorite, and is held at a lower price than any of the others. In this race public opinion was so equally divided that, from start to finish, Herbert, Roehampton, Bonhibert and Colonel Padden were practically held equal at 6 to 1, the remainder of the eighteen contestants ranging from 10 to 150 to 1.

### A MIGHTY MASS OF HORSE LOVERS

The mighty mass of humanity surged backward and forward, zigzag and eccentrically, across the large but still limited space, like a hollow square formed by the high stools of the bookmakers, and the nervous tension of the more enthusiastic players was in itself a curious phenomenon. Many up to the last minute could not decide on which to finally pin their selection, and nervously hunted around searching for those who might give them desired information; others, with a definite idea of the horse they fancied, were skirmishing around, watching the varying odds, in

alternate fever and chills as to whether they would or would not obtain the best advantage of the variations; others still, the mighty mass of first-favorite players, were driven to the verge of lunacy by the fact that practically three horses maintained an equal price and that by no method of reasoning could these be separated as desired. Suddenly, when the tumult and the strife were at their highest, the thin, incisive, clear notes of a bugle were heard, signalling that the animals were going to the post.

A quarter of a mile away, at the bottom of the chute which forms the beginning of the Withers Mile (named after the famous "Sage of Brookdale"), which is a mile with a single turn, were lined up the eighteen candidates for the race, their varicolored jackets changing like the colors in a kaleidoscope, until, without delay, the barrier rose and the horses dashed forward to the race. John Madden's Pentecost was first, followed by the black and white sleeves of Bonhibert, the light blue of William C. Whitney's Smoke being the next to show. Almost last was seen a canary-colored jacket, worn by a tiny midget whose natural weight is about eighty pounds, whose horse had occupied one of the extreme outside positions at the start. Bending low over his horse's neck, the child flashed his mount past the intervening fifteen horses, and, before a quarter of a mile was covered, was running third to Smoke and Pentecost and at the half-mile was two lengths in front; the positions of the horses behind him being unchanged.

### SOME FAVORITES "STILL RUNNING"

At this time, toiling away back in the rear was the blue and white checkered jacket of the favorite, Herbert, burdened with the hopes and fears of possibly two-thirds of the spectators. Another furlong, only 220 yards from the finish, Arsenal was still in front, his tiny jockey crouched almost flat on the withers of the flying horse, but riding perfectly to the stable orders—"Sit still and keep him going."

Smoke was still second; but, closing like a whirlwind, down the straight homestretch came Herbert, urged by whip and heel to his utmost effort. It was too late, however, and, amid the yells and cheers of the thousands, the little midget in canary had wit enough to disobey the stable orders, and for the last hundred yards rode a desperate finish on Arsenal—where the child got the strength from goodness only knows—and in a last desperate effort kept Arsenal in front until they passed the judges; Herbert, the favorite, a scant five feet to the rear, to flash past the winner half a second after the race had been won and lost. Carbuncle, running a magnificent race, was third, a short head behind the favorite and a shorter head still in front of Chilton.

When the jockeys came to weigh in, the crowd cheered the winner and the child jockey, little Daly, to the echo, and then

streamed away to the ring chanting "The Reuben and the Maid," to the accompaniment of Lauder's Band. The great race had been won and lost.

### ARSENAL AND HIS "JOCK"

Arsenal was bred at Kenmore Farm, near Lexington, Ky., by the Southern society leader, Mrs. J. Will Sayre, and was bought by Mr. Featherstone for one thousand dollars. The colt was extremely handsome, and would not have been secured at this low price but for the fact that his dam, Hannahrinda, had no previous produce which had figured in a race. His sire was the famous Lamplighter, winner of many good races, and at one time owned by the late Pierre Lorillard.

Little Daly, the tiny boy who rode the winner, was fortunate to get the mount in the Metropolitan, and therefore the chance of his life, simply because he was the only boy of ability at that weight who could be procured. He is the son of M. Daly, who owns a few "platers," which he runs around the Canadian and Fort Erie circuits. He is a typical American boy, extremely confident and self-assertive, with a rather saucy air; a boy who would see a chance to get through a tight hole in a big field, and would go through, never hesitating or dreaming of the risk to his neck in so doing. In other words, he is out to win, and trusts the rest to Providence!

That his head is an extremely cool and level one is shown by his absolute obedience to orders in the great race and the way he finally hustled his mount out to win when the occasion arose. It was an exceedingly clever race and a wonderful piece of work. In the past he had ridden for his father, and had also been under contract with the veteran owner, Green B. Morris, riding for him in California.

### WHEN MONEY CHANGED HANDS

Mr. Arthur Featherstone bet upon his horse and is said to have won \$40,000, outside of his share of the purse, and of this, with his well known generosity, he handed \$2,000 to little Daly—in appreciation of his efforts and skill during the one minute and forty-two seconds of his ride. This check was handed to the little fellow while he was seated in the large floral horseshoe, where he was so tiny that the crowd could not see him among the flowers until he stood up and waved his cap, eliciting a storm of laughter.

Frank Farrell is credited with wagering and losing \$10,000 on his horses Bonhibert and Colonel Padden. Dave Johnson, the noted plunger, lost a similar amount, and "Jakey" Josephs is believed to have lost still more heavily. The club-house contingent turned in many bets of \$500 and \$1,000 on Herbert, mainly for the place, believing the distance was all too short for him to get worked up to his really marvellous speed, shown best at a mile and a quarter and upward.

Returning to the Judges' Stand after the Race



Jockeys Weighing in

Arsenal, Winner of the Metropolitan Handicap

The Club-house Crowd

# LEADERS IN THE WORLD'S WORK



THE NEW KING OF SPAIN

Alfonso XIII. will be crowned King of Spain in Madrid on the 17th of May, which is also the anniversary of his sixteenth birthday. Celebrations of the event will last for a week. Alfonso XIII. is very accomplished and especially fond of military life, being himself a splendid soldier, considering his youth and the consequent inexperience of tender years.



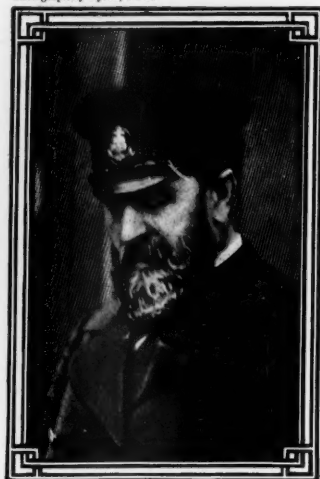
ADMIRAL FRANCOIS-ERNEST FOURNIER

Admiral Francois-Ernest Fournier, one of the most accomplished naval officers, will represent the French navy at the unveiling of the Rochambeau monument at Washington. He distinguished himself in the war of 1870, and later by inducing Li Hung Chang to sign the treaty of 1884, which ended the war between China and France. He is an author and inventor.



GENERAL HENRI-JOSEPH BRUGERE

General Henri-Joseph Brugere, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, and Vice-President of the Superior Council of War, has been appointed to represent the French army at the unveiling of the Rochambeau Monument, at Washington, May 24. He has risen rapidly through distinguished services in the Franco-Prussian, Algerian, and other wars. He is also the author of several military books.



CAPTAIN ADOLF ALBERS

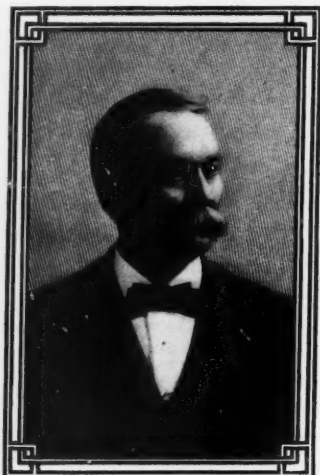
Captain Adolf Albers, of the record-holder, the "Deutschland," fell dead in his chart-house, April 29. He was Commodore of the Hamburg-American Line. The King of Denmark decorated him for his gallant rescue of the "Geyser." Kaiser Wilhelm sent the following despatch on his death: "The steering of the rudderless 'Deutschland' on her last homeward trip was a master-stroke."

Photograph by Byron, N. Y.



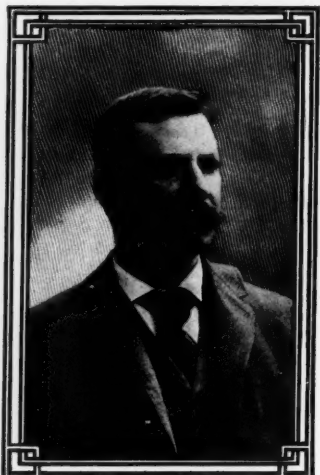
H. C. FRICK

H. C. Frick, long associated with Andrew Carnegie, is reported to be the organizer of a new steel "combine" with a capital of \$200,000,000. The "combine" includes a large number of mills and other manufacturing industries not embraced in what is known as the "Steel Trust," of which it will be the most powerful rival. A "merger" is rumored as possible.



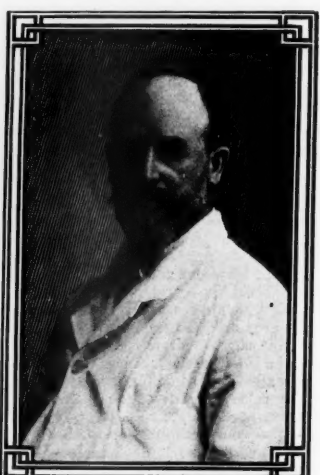
AMOS J. CUMMINGS

Amos J. Cummings, printer, adventurer, soldier, journalist, and politician, died in a Baltimore hospital, May 2d, of pneumonia. He served as a private in Walker's freebooters in the invasion of Nicaragua, and later took part in the Civil War and became sergeant-major. Then he turned journalist, and rose to the first rank. He served eight terms in Congress from New York.



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY MOODY

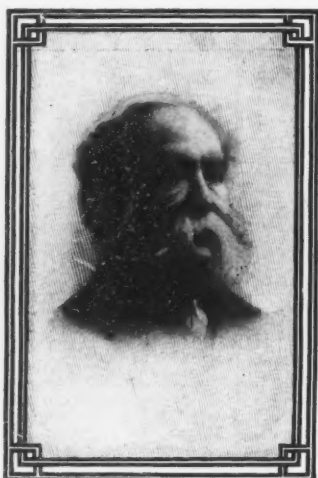
William H. Moody became Secretary of the Navy May 1st, 1902, filling the position left vacant by the resignation of Secretary Long. During the past seven years Mr. Moody has served in the House of Representatives for the Sixth District of Massachusetts. In official circles he is regarded as a worthy successor to Secretary Long in President Roosevelt's Cabinet.



REV. JAMES H. VAN BUREN

Unanimously elected by the House of Bishops in Cincinnati to be the Protestant Bishop of the Island of Porto Rico. Since his arrival there on February 14, 1901, he has succeeded in building up one of the most powerful church organizations in San Juan. Bishop-elect Van Buren was born in Watertown, N. Y., on July 7, 1850, and graduated from Yale in the class of 1873.

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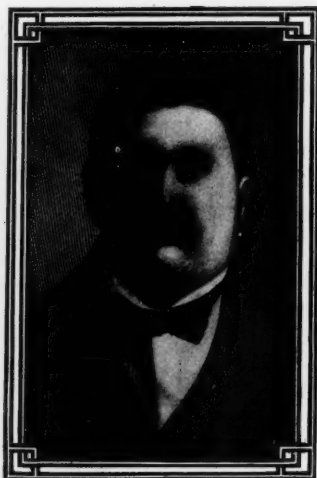
GENERAL WADE HAMPTON

General Wade Hampton, one of the most dashing cavalry leaders of the Southern Confederacy, who died in Columbia, South Carolina, in his eighty-fourth year, overthrew Republicanism in the same State, and was overthrown by Populism under the leadership of Benjamin R. Tillman. He lost a leg while hunting, being thrown from his mount. He is mourned by the entire South.



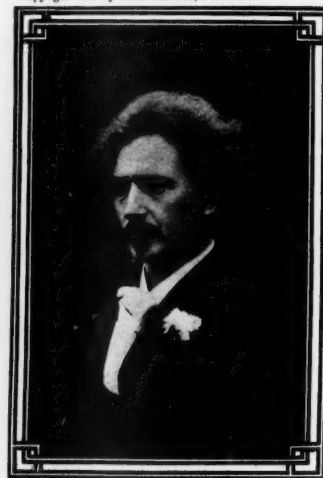
AURELIEN SCHOLL

Aurelien Scholl, an editor and a famous wit, and the highest authority on duelling, died in Paris April 16. He was a member, with the Duc de Morny, of the Court of Honor that decided that J. Coleman Drayton had no right to challenge Hallett Alsopp Borrowe for alleged attentions by the latter to Mrs. Coleman Drayton, the daughter of Mrs. William Astor.



COMMANDANT KRITZINGER

Commandant Kritzing, tried by his British captors for violating the rules of war, was acquitted. It was supposed that Lord Methuen, captured by General De la Rey, was to be held as a hostage for him, but the Boers released their prisoner before Kritzing's acquittal. Commandant Scheepers was shot for the same alleged offence by the British authorities.



IGNACE PADEREWSKI

Ignace Paderewski, the greatest living pianist, returned to Europe the last of April with a fortune of \$125,000, the net profits of a season of two and a half months. This was his fifth and most profitable American tour. While here he produced his opera "Manru." He expects to write another opera this summer. "Manru" was a great success, and the famous musician seems more popular than ever.

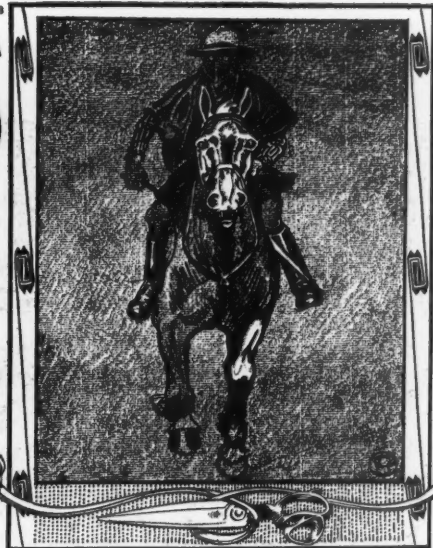


# RANSON'S

By RICHARD

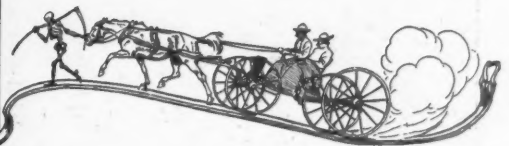


Headpiece designed by Edward Penfield



# FOLLY

HARDING DAVIS



Illustrations drawn by Frederic Remington

## PART II

### SYNOPSIS OF PART I

At Fort Crockett Cahill is the post trader. Sergeant Clancey discovers that he has been associated with New York's slums. Cahill's daughter, Mary, is ignorant of her father's past. She loves Lieutenant Ranson, an adventurous young officer, and the son of a millionaire. Tiring of the dull routine of the army post, Ranson conceals an escapade to hold up the stage armed only with a pair of shears and wearing a red handkerchief over his face, in imitation of a famous highwayman, "Red Rider." The same night Mary is called to tend a sick Indian squaw. Her father, overhearing a conversation among the soldiers of the coming of the paymaster on the stage, disguises himself and leaves the post on horseback. Part two opens with new characters.

THAT winter Miss Post had been going out a great deal more than was good for her, and when the spring came she broke down. The family doctor recommended Aiken, but an aunt of Miss Post's, Mrs. Truesdall, had been at Farmington with Mrs. "Colonel" Bolland, and urged visiting her instead. The doctor agreed that the climatic conditions existing at Fort Crockett were quite as health-giving as those at Aiken, and of the two the invalid decided that the regimental post would be more of a novelty. So she and her aunt and the maid changed cars twice after leaving St. Louis, and then staged it to Kiowa City, where, while waiting for "Pop" Henderson's coach to Fort Crockett, they dined with him on bacon, fried bread, and alkali water tinged with coffee.

It was at Kiowa City, a city of four hundred houses on blue print paper and six on earth, that Miss Post first felt certain that she was going to enjoy her visit. It was there she first saw, at large and on his native heath, a blanket Indian. He was a tall, beautiful youth, with yellow ochre on his thin brown arms and blue ochre on his cheek-bones, who sat on "Pop's" steps, gazing impassively at the stars. Miss Post came out with her maid and fell over him. The maid screamed. Miss Post said: "I beg your pardon"; and the brave expressed his contempt by guttural mutterings and by moving haughtily away. Miss Post was then glad that she had not gone to Aiken. For the twelve-mile drive through the moonlit buttes to Fort Crockett there was, besides the women, one other passenger. He was a travelling salesman of the Hancock Uniform Company, and was visiting Fort Crockett to measure the officers for their summer tunics. At dinner he passed Miss Post the condensed milk can, and in other ways made himself agreeable. He informed her aunt that he was in the Military Equipment Department of the Army, but, much to that young woman's distress, addressed most of his remarks to the maid, who, to his taste, was the most attractive of the three.

"I take it," he said genially to Miss Post, "that you and the young lady are sisters."

"No," said Miss Post, "we are not related."

It was eight o'clock, and the moon was full in the heavens when "Pop" Henderson hoisted them into the stage and burdened his driver, Hunk Smith, with words of advice which were intended solely for the ears of the passengers.

"You want to be careful of that near wheeler, Hunk," he said, "or he'll upset you into a gully. An' in crossing the second ford, bear to the right; the water's running high, and it may carry youse all down stream. I don't want that these ladies should be drowned in any stage of mine. An' if the Red Rider jumps you don't put up no bluff, but sit still. The paymaster's due in a night or two, an' I've no doubt at all but that the Rider's laying for him. But if you tell him that there's no one inside but womenfolk and a tailor, mebbe he won't hurt youse. Now, ladies," he added, putting his head under the leather flap, as though unconscious that all he had said had already reached them, "without wishing to make you uneasy, I would advise your having your cash and jewelry ready in your hands. With road agents it's mostly wisest to do what they say, an' to do it quick. Ef you give 'em all you've got, they sometimes go away without spilling blood, though, such being their habits, naturally disappointed." He turned his face toward the shrinking figure of the military tailor. "You, being an army man," he said, "will of course want to protect the ladies, but you mustn't do it. You must keep cool. Ef you pull your gun, like as not you'll all get killed. But I'm hoping for the best. Good-night, all, an' a pleasant journey."

The stage moved off with many creaks and many cracks of the whip, which in part smothered Hunk Smith's laughter. But after the first mile, he, being a man with feelings and a family, pulled the mules to a halt.

The voice of the drummer could instantly be heard calling loudly from the darkness of the stage: "Don't open those flaps. If they see you, they'll fire!"

"I wanted you folks to know," said Hunk Smith, leaning from the box seat, "that that talk of Pop's was all foolishness. You're as safe on this trail as in a Pullman palace car. That

was just his way. Pop will have his joke. You just go to sleep now, if you can, and trust to me. I'll get you there by eleven o'clock or break a trace. Breakin' a trace is all the danger there is anyway," he added cheerfully, "so don't fret."

Miss Post could not resist saying to Mrs. Truesdall: "I told you he was joking."

The stage had proceeded for two hours. Sometimes it dropped with locked wheels down sheer walls of clay, again it was dragged, careening drunkenly, out of fathomless pits. It pitched and tossed, slid and galloped, danced grotesquely from one wheel to another, from one stone to another, recoiled out of ruts, butted against rocks, and swept down and out of swollen streams that gurgled between the spokes.

"If ever I leave Fort Crockett," gasped Mrs. Truesdall between jolts, "I shall either wait until they build a railroad or walk."

They had all but left the hills, and were approaching the level prairie. That they might see the better the flaps had been rolled up, and the soft dry air came freely through the open sides. The mules were straining over the last hill. On either side only a few of the buttes were still visible. They stood out in the moonlight as clearly cut as the bows of great battleships. The trail at last was level. Mrs. Truesdall's eyes closed. Her head fell forward. But Miss Post, weary as she was in body, could not sleep. To her the night ride was full of strange and wonderful mysteries. Gratefully she drank in the dry scent of the prairie grass, and, holding by the frame of the window, leaned far out over the wheel. As she did so, a man sprang into the trail from behind a wall of rock, and shouted hoarsely. He was covered to his knees with a black mantle. His face was hidden by a blood-red mask.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded. There was a sharp creaking as the brakes locked, and from the driver's seat an amazed oath. The stage stopped with a violent jerk, and Mrs. Truesdall pitched gently forward toward her niece.

"I really believe I was asleep, Helen," she murmured.

"What are we waiting for?"

"I think we are held up," said Miss Post.

The stage had halted beyond the wall of rock, and Miss Post looked behind it, but no other men were visible, only a horse with his bridle drawn around a stone. The man in the mask advanced upon the stage, holding a weapon at arm's length. In the moonlight it flashed and glittered evilly. The man was but a few feet from Miss Post, and the light fell full upon her. Of him she could see only two black eyes that flashed as evilly as his weapon. For a period of suspense, which seemed cruelly prolonged, the man stood motionless, then he lowered his weapon. When he opened his lips the mask stuck to them, and his words came from behind it, broken and smothered. "Sorry to trouble you, miss," the mask said, "but I want that man beside you to get out."

Miss Post turned to the travelling salesman. "He wants you to get out," she said.

"Wants me!" exclaimed the drummer. "I'm not armed, you know." In a louder voice he protested faintly: "I say, I'm not armed."

"Come out!" demanded the mask.

The drummer precipitated himself violently over the knees of the ladies into the road below, and held his hands high above him. "I'm not armed," he said; "indeed I'm not."

"Stand over there, with your back to that rock," the mask ordered. For a moment the road agent regarded him darkly, pointing his weapon meditatively at different parts of the salesman's person. He suggested a butcher designating certain choice cuts. The drummer's muscles jerked under the torture as though his anatomy were being prodded with an awl.

"I want your watch," said the mask.

The drummer reached eagerly for his waistcoat.

"Hold up your hands!" roared the road agent. "By the eternal, if you play any rough-house tricks on me I'll—!" He flourished his weapon until it flashed luminously.

An exclamation from Hunk Smith, opportunely uttered, saved the drummer from what was apparently instant annihilation. "Say Rider," cried the driver, "I can't hold my arms up no longer. I'm going to put 'em down. But you leave me alone, an' I'll leave you alone. Is that a bargain?"

The shrouded figure whirled his weapon upon the speaker.

"Have I ever stopped you before, Hunk?" he demanded.

Hunk, at this recognition of himself as a public character, softened instantly. "I dunno whether 'twas you or one of your gang, but—"

"Well, you've still got your health, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Then keep quiet," snarled the mask.

In retort Hunk Smith muttered audible threatnings, but sank obediently into an inert heap. Only his eyes, under cover of his sombrero, roamed restlessly. They noted the

McClellan saddle on the Red Rider's horse, the white patch on its near fore-foot, the empty stirrup straps, and at a great distance, so great that the eyes only of a plainsman could have detected it, a cloud of dust, or smoke, or mist, that rode above the trail and seemed to be moving swiftly down upon them.

At the sight, Hunk shifted the tobacco in his cheek and nervously crossed his knees, while a grin of ineffable cunning passed across his face.

With his sombrero in his hand, the Red Rider stepped to the wheel of the stage. As he did so, Miss Post observed that above the line of his kerchief his hair was evenly and carefully parted in the middle.

"I'm afraid, ladies," said the road agent, "that I have delayed you unnecessarily. It seems that I have called up the wrong number." He emitted a reassuring chuckle, and, fanning himself with his sombrero, continued speaking in a tone of polite irony: "The Wells, Fargo messenger is the party I am laying for. He's coming over this trail with a package of diamonds. That's what I'm after. At first I thought 'Fighting Bob' over there by the rock might have it on him; but he doesn't act like any Wells, Fargo Express agent I have ever tackled before, and I guess the laugh's on me. I seem to have been weeping over the wrong grave." He replaced his sombrero on his head at a rakish angle, and waved his hand. "Ladies, you are at liberty to proceed."

But instantly he stepped forward again, and brought his face so close to the window that they could see the whites of his eyes. "Before we part," he murmured persuasively, "you wouldn't mind leaving me something as a souvenir, would you?" He turned the skull-like openings of the mask full upon Miss Post.

Mrs. Truesdall exclaimed hysterically: "Why, certainly not!" she cried. "Here's everything I have, except what's sewn inside my waist, where I can't possibly get at it. I assure you I cannot. The proprietor of that hotel told us we'd probably—meet you, and so I have everything ready." She thrust her two hands through the window. They held a roll of bills, a watch, and her rings.

Miss Post laughed in an ecstasy of merriment. "Oh, no, aunt," she protested, "don't. No, not at all. The gentleman only wants a keepsake. Something to remember us by. Isn't that it?" she asked. She regarded the blood-red mask steadily with a brilliant smile.

The road agent did not at once answer. At her words he had started back with such sharp suspicion that one might have thought he meditated instant flight. Through the holes in his mask he now glared searchingly at Miss Post, but still in silence.

"I think this will satisfy him," said Miss Post.

Out of the collection in her aunt's hands she picked a silver coin and held it forward. "Something to keep as a pocket-piece," she said, mockingly, "to remind you of your kindness to three lone females in distress."

Still silent, the road agent reached for the money, and then growled at her in a tone which had suddenly become gruff and overbearing. It suggested to Miss Post the voice of the head of the family playing Santa Claus for the children. "And now you, miss," he demanded.

Miss Post took another coin from the heap, studied its inscription, and passed it through the window. "This one is from me," she said. "Mine is dated 1901. The moonlight," she added, leaning far forward and smiling out at him, "makes it quite easy to see the date; as easy," she went on, picking her words, "as it is to see your peculiar revolver and the coat-of-arms on your ring." She drew her head back. "Good-night," she cooed sweetly.

The Red Rider jumped from the door. An exclamation which might have been a laugh or an oath was smothered by his mask. He turned swiftly upon the salesman. "Get back into the coach," he commanded. "And you, Hunk," he called, "if you send a posse after me, next night I ketch you out here alone you'll lose the top of your head."

The salesman scrambled into the stage through the door opposite to the one at which the Red Rider was standing, and the road agent again raised his sombrero with a sweeping gesture worthy of D'Artagnan. "Good-night, ladies," he said.

"Good-night, sir," Mrs. Truesdall answered grimly, but exuding a relieved sigh. Then, her indignation giving her courage, she leaned from the window and hurled a Parthian arrow. "I must say," she protested, "I think you might be in a better business."

The road agent waved his hand to the young lady. "Good-by," he said.

"Au revoir," said Miss Post pleasantly.

"Good-by, miss," stammered the road agent.

"I said 'Au revoir,'" repeated Miss Post.

The road agent, apparently routed by these simple words, fled muttering toward his horse.

Hunk Smith was having trouble with his brake. He



DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

## THE "HOL

"A man sprang into the trail from behind a wall of rock, and shouted hoarsely. He was covered to his knees with a black mantle. His face v  
and from the driver's seat an amazed oath. The stage stopped with a violent jerk. . . . The man in the mask advanced upon the s

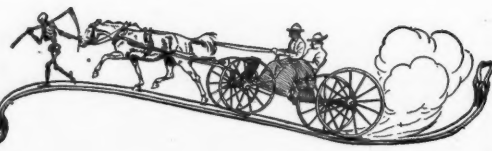


## HOLD-UP"

hantle. His face was hidden by a blood-red mask. 'Throw up your hands!' he commanded. There was a sharp creaking as the brakes locked, advanced upon the stage, holding a weapon at arm's-length. In the moonlight it flashed and glittered evilly."—(*Ranson's Folly*, page 11)



## RANSON'S FOLLY



kicked at it and, stooping, pulled at it, but the wheels did not move.

Mrs. Truesdall fell into a fresh panic. "What is it now?" she called miserably.

Before he answered, Hunk Smith threw a quick glance toward the column of moving dust. He was apparently reassured.

"The brake," he grunted. "The darned thing's stuck!"

The road agent was tugging at the stone beneath which he had slipped his bridle. "Can I help?" he asked politely. But before he reached the stage, he suddenly stopped with an imperative sweep of his arm for silence. He stood motionless, his body bent to the ground, leaning forward and staring down the trail. Then he sprang upright. "You old fox!" he roared, "you're gaining time, are you?"

With a laugh he tore free his bridle and threw himself across his horse. His legs locked under it, his hands clasped its mane, and with a cowboy yell he dashed past the stage in the direction of Kiowa City, his voice floating back in shouts of jeering laughter. From behind him he heard Hunk Smith's voice answering his own in a cry for "Help!" and from a rapidly decreasing distance the throb of many hoofs. For an instant he drew upon his rein, and then, with a defiant chuckle, drove his spurs deep into his horse's side.

Mrs. Truesdall also heard the pounding of many hoofs, as well as Hunk Smith's howls for help, and feared a fresh attack. "Oh, what is it?" she begged.

"Soldiers from the fort," Hunk called excitedly, and again raised his voice in a long dismal howl.

"Sounds cheery, doesn't it?" said the salesman; "referring to the soldiers," he explained. It was his first coherent remark since the Red Rider had appeared and disappeared.

"Oh, I hope they won't!" began Miss Post anxiously.

The hoof beats changed to thunder, and with the pounding on the dry trail came the jangle of stirrups and sling belts. Then a voice, and the coach was surrounded by dust-covered troopers and horses breathing heavily. Lieutenant Crosby

pulled up beside the window of the stage. "Are you there, Colonel Patten?" he panted. He peered forward into the stage, but no one answered him. "Is the paymaster in here?" he demanded.

The voice of Lieutenant Curtis shouted in turn at Hunk Smith. "Is the paymaster in there, driver?"

"Paymaster? No!" Hunk roared. "A drummer and three ladies. We've been held up. The Red Rider—" He rose and waved his whip over the top of the coach. "He went that way. You can catch him easy."

Sergeant Clancey and half a dozen troopers jerked at their bridles. But Crosby, at the window, shouted "Halt!"

"What's your name?" he demanded of the salesman.

"Myers," stammered the drummer. "I'm from the Hancock Uniform—"

Curtis had spurred his horse beside that of his brother officer. "Is Colonel Patten at Kiowa?" he interrupted.

"I can't give you any information as to that," replied Mr. Myers importantly; "but these ladies and I have just been held up by the Red Rider. If you'll hurry you'll—"

The two officers pulled back their horses from the stage and, leaning from their saddles, consulted in eager whispers. Their men fidgeted with their reins, and stared with amazed eyes at their officers. Lieutenant Crosby was openly smiling. "He's got away with it," he whispered. "Patten missed the stage, thank God, and he's met nothing worse than these women."

"We must make a bluff at following him," whispered Curtis. "Certainly not! Our orders are to report to Colonel Patten, and act as his escort."

"But he's not at Kiowa; that fellow says so."

"He telegraphed the colonel from Kiowa," returned Crosby.

"How could he do that if he wasn't there?" He turned upon Hunk Smith. "When did you leave Henderson's?" he demanded.

"Seven o'clock," answered Hunk Smith sulkily. "Say, if you young fellows want to catch—"

"And Patten telegraphed at eight," cried Crosby. "That's it. He reached Kiowa after the stage had gone. Sergeant Clancey!" he called.

The sergeant pushed out from the mass of wondering troopers.

"When did the paymaster say he was leaving Kiowa?"

"Leaving at once, the telegram said," answered Clancey.

"Meet me with escort before I reach the buttes." That's the message I was told to give the lieutenant."

Hunk Smith leaned from the box seat. "Metbe Pop's driving him over himself in the buckboard," he volunteered.

"Pop often takes 'em over that way if they miss the stage."

"That's how it is, of course," cried Crosby. "He's on his way now in the buckboard."

Hunk Smith surveyed the troopers dismally and shook his head. "If he runs up against the Red Rider, it's 'good-by' your pay, boys," he cried.

"Fall in, there!" shouted Crosby. "Corporal Tynan, fall out with two men and escort these ladies to the fort." He touched his hat to Miss Post, and, with Curtis at his side, sprang into the trail. "Gallop! March!" he commanded.

"Do you think he'll tackle the buckboard, too?" whispered Curtis.

Crosby laughed joyously and drew a long breath of relief. "No, he's all right now," he answered. "Don't you see, he doesn't know about Patten or the buckboard. He's probably well on his way to the post now. I delayed the game at the stage there on purpose to give him a good start. He's safe by now."

"It was a close call," laughed the other. "He's got to give us a dinner for helping him out of this."

"We'd have caught him red-handed," said Crosby, "if we'd been five minutes sooner. Lord!" he gasped. "It makes me cold to think of it. The men would have shot him off his horse. But what a story for those women! I

## ANNUAL PARADE OF THE COACHING CLUB

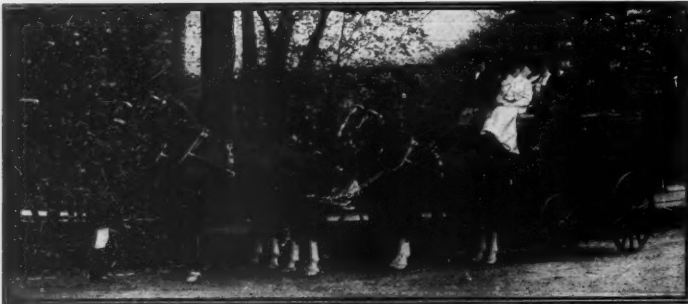
PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE



Colonel Jay's Coach and Four



A. G. Vanderbilt and Guests



Edward Browning and Party



Reginald W. Rives and Party



Robert L. Gerry and Party



W. C. Whitney—an Interested Spectator

The Coaching Club gave its annual parade in New York Saturday morning, May 3, between the Mall in Central Park and the North Circle. There was a brilliant display of coaches, fine horses, and exquisitely clothed women. The parade was reviewed by Colonel William Jay, president of the club. While the meet was only the second one since 1896, it was so distinctly successful that it is certain that the yearly drive will again become a fixed social event. A noticeable feature of the parade was the fine quality of the horses. The line was led by Colonel Jay, driving his dark-green and yellow coach, and was closed, as usual, by the vice-president, Reginald W. Rives. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt drove a maroon coach with four chestnut horses. The other coaches were driven by Harry Payne Whitney, James Henry Smith, George P. Haven, Jr., Neilson Brown, Edward Browning, H. P. McKean, Gustave Kissel, G. Lewis Boissevain, and Robert L. Gerry. After the Review there was a luncheon at the Turf and Field Club. During the parade there was, apparently, a spirited combat between Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Smith for position, which led to a very pretty exhibition of driving.



hope I'll be there when they tell it. If Ranson can keep his face straight, he's a wonder." For some moments they raced silently neck by neck, and then Curtis again leaned from his saddle. "I hope he has turned back to the post," he said. "Look at the men how they're keeping watch for him. They're scouts, all of them."

"What if they are?" returned Crosby easily. "Ranson's in uniform—out for a moonlight canter. You can bet a million dollars he didn't wear his red mask long after he heard us coming."

"I suppose he'll think we've followed to spoil his fun. You know you said we would."

"Yes, he was going to shoot us," laughed Crosby. "I wonder why he packs a gun. It's a silly thing to do."

The officers fell apart again, and there was silence over the prairie save for the creaking of leather and the beat of the hoofs. And then, faint and far away, there came the quick crack of a revolver, another, and then a fusillade. "My God!" gasped Crosby. He threw himself forward, digging his spurs into his horse, and rode as though he were trying to escape from his own men.

No one issued an order, no one looked a question; each, officer and enlisted man, bowed his head and raced to be the first.

The trail was barricaded by two struggling horses and an overturned buckboard. The rigid figure of a man lay flat upon his back staring at the moon, another white-haired figure staggered forward from a rock. "Who goes there?" it demanded.

"United States troops. Is that you, Colonel Patten?"

"Yes."

Colonel Patten's right arm was swinging limply at his side. With his left hand he clapped his right shoulder. The blood, black in the moonlight, was oozing between his fingers.

"We were held up," he said. "He shot the driver and the horses. I fired at him, but he broke my arm. He shot the gun out of my hand. When he reached for the satchel I tried to beat him off with my left arm, but he threw me into the road. He went that way—toward Kiowa."

Sergeant Clancey, who was kneeling by the figure in the trail, raised his hand in salute. "Pop Henderson, lieutenant," he said. "He's shot through the heart. He's dead."

"He took the money, ten thousand dollars," cried Colonel Patten. "He wore a red mask and a rubber poucho. And I saw that he had no stirrups in his stirrup-straps."

Crosby dodged, as though some one had thrown a knife, and then raised his hand stiffly and heavily.

"Lieutenant Curtis, you will remain here with Colonel Patten," he ordered. His voice was without emotion. It fell flat and dead. "Deploy as skirmishers," he commanded. "G Troop to the right of the trail, H Troop to the left. Stop any one you see—any one. If he tries to escape, cry 'Halt!' twice and then fire—to kill. Forward! Gallop! March! Toward the post."

"No!" shouted Colonel Patten. "He went toward Kiowa."

Crosby replied in the same dead voice: "He doubled after he left you, colonel. He has gone to the post."

Colonel Patten struggled from the supporting arms that held him and leaned eagerly forward. "You know him, then?" he demanded.

"Yes," cried Crosby, "God help him! Spread out there, you, in open order—and ride like hell!"

Just before the officers' club closed for the night Lieutenant Ranson came in and, seating himself at the piano, picked out "The Queen of the Philippine Islands" with one finger. Major Stickney and others who were playing bridge were considerably annoyed. Ranson then demanded that every one present should drink his health in champagne for the reason that it was his birthday and that he was glad he was alive, and wished every one else to feel the same way about it. "Or, for any other reason why," he added generously. This frontal attack upon the whist players upset the game entirely, and Ranson, enthroned upon the piano stool, addressed the room. He held up a buckskin tobacco bag decorated with beads.

"I got this down at the Indian village to-night," he said. "That old squaw, Red Wing, makes 'em for two dollars. Crosby paid five dollars for his in New Mexico, and it isn't half as good. What do you think? I got lost coming back, and went all the way round by the buttes before I found the trail, and I've only been here six months. They certainly ought to make me chief of scouts."

There was the polite laugh which is granted to any remark made by the one who is paying for the champagne.

"Oh, that's where you were, was it?" said the post adjutant genially. "The colonel sent Clancey after you and Crosby. Clancey reported that he couldn't find you. So we sent Curtis. They went to act as escort for Colonel Patten and the pay. He's com-

ing up to-night in the stage." Ranson was gazing down into his glass. Before he raised his head he picked several pieces of ice out of it and then drained it.

"The paymaster, hey?" he said. "He's in the stage to-night, is he?"

"Yes," said the adjutant; and then as the bugle and stamp of hoofs sounded from the parade outside, "and that's him now, I guess," he added.

Ranson refilled his glass with infinite care, and then in spite of a smile that twitched at the corners of his mouth, emptied it slowly.

There was the jingle of spurs and a measured tramp on the veranda of the club-house, and for the first time in its history four enlisted men, carrying their Krags, invaded its portals. They were led by Lieutenant Crosby; his face was white under the tan, and full of suffering. The officers in the room received the intrusion in amazed silence. Crosby strode among them, looking neither to the left nor right, and touched Lieutenant Ranson upon the shoulder.

"The colonel's orders, Lieutenant Ranson," he said. "You are under arrest."

Ranson leaned back against the music-rack and placed his glass upon the keyboard. One leg was crossed over the other, and he did not remove it.

"Then you can't take a joke," he said in a low tone. "You had to run and tell." He laughed and raised his voice so that all in the club might hear. "What am I arrested for, Crosby?" he asked.

The lines in Crosby's face deepened, and only those who sat near could hear him.

"You are under arrest for attempting to kill a superior officer, for the robbery of the government pay train—and for murder."

Ranson jumped to his feet. "My God, Crosby!" he cried.

"Silence! Don't talk!" ordered Crosby. "Come along with me."

The four troopers fell in in rear of Lieutenant Crosby and their prisoner. He drew a quick, frightened breath, and then, throwing back his shoulders, fell into step, and the six men tramped from the club and out into the night.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Some Startling Figures From Thunder Mountain

DAN G. CASWELL, one of the original discoverers of the new gold fields of Idaho, in speaking recently of this immense gold "find," said:

"There is a porphyry dike two and a half miles wide by ten miles long that is one solid mass of gold ore. It may sound like exaggeration, but there is no part of the mountain that is not rich in minerals. There are immense bodies of cinnabar, or quicksilver, of such purity as to be almost as valuable as gold. There is not a place where one cannot make a 'strike' on any part of the mountain. After we made the discovery of gold there were some days when we made a pound of gold. In those days we made twenty-two ounces of this sort of dirt."

The "dirt" was worth about one hundred and sixty-six dollars a pound.

The gold is not confined to Thunder Mountain, but abounds in all the surrounding hills and valleys. It is being found everywhere. While the country is rough, the climate in winter hard to withstand and the mining region almost inaccessible at present, the difficulties are by no means so great as they are in the Klondike or in some other gold fields. And the gold may be washed out from the hills by hydraulic pipes. The "season" is short, from May till October, and there is a "rush" every spring.

But civilization fast follows on the traces of the explorer. Railways are now building in the Klondike, to bring the Yukon fields nearer the markets. Roads are being opened through the wilderness to Thunder Mountain, and the peak itself, and its slopes and sister hills, are being covered with mining camps and seamed and scarred by the spade and water pipes of the gold seekers.

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## TUB GOWNS

By Marie Grégoire

Of Spring-Color  
Linen

Of Shantung Pongee

**T**UB GOWNS are making a heroic effort to live up to their name this season. Women should encourage them in their struggle for life, liberty and the pursuit of their wearers' happiness. In past seasons it has been almost impossible to buy in the shops a practicable tub gown, and the average dress-maker appeared to have a lofty scorn for the possibilities of laundry work; but this spring the shops abound in dainty frocks warranted not to throw even an ordinary laundress into convulsions of protest.

Shirt-waist suits are beginning a triumphal career, and, by a merciful dispensation of a sartorial providence, the ubiquitous straight-front corset has made these *chic* little costumes available for a host of women who in the past were obliged to pass the shirt-waist by, or wear it in defiance of the laws of fitness and without regard for the feelings of the public. Whatever else may be said of the straight-front corset, there is no denying that it has given even to fat women a length of waist line in front which makes shirt-waists and all belted summer frocks more becoming than ever before.

Linen is perhaps the material most favored for the shirt-waist costume, and it comes in delicious shades of blue, green, rose and beige. With care, all these colors will stand frequent tubbing, but the varying tints of blue, particularly the porcelain blues, are, as a rule, the most satisfactory. They wash well. They look exceedingly cool, in combination with white, and they are almost universally becoming. The beige shades are even more popular than the blue, and only one objection can be urged against them. In the present-day flood of beige fabrics—pongee, linen, batiste, tussore and the rest—distinction and individuality are likely to go to the wall.

One of the cuts shows a typical shirt-waist frock in string-color linen. It is cool, fresh, unlined, and might go into the tub each week without harm. The blouse is made on the popular Gibson lines and trimmed with narrow stitched bands of the material. Tiny white pearl buttons finish the shoulder-straps and appear on the cuffs and, in groups, on the centre boxpleat. The shirt, absolutely plain save for a shaped flounce, touches the floor, but does not train in the back. Many of these tub frocks clear the ground all the way round, but it is well to bear in mind the fact that in spite of every precaution they will shrink, and so should be amply long at first.

Another tub gown, a trifle more elaborate than the first, yet still cool, unlined and washable, is in Shantung pongee, with a trimming of tiny tucks and ecru wash lace. The shaped flounce, which is merely a gored underskirt, is tucked horizontally, and the overskirt finishes with a band of lace. This overskirt is given a slight fullness by infinitesimally small tucks running down over the hips on either side of a plain front. The yoke is made of stitched bands of linen, alternating with bands of lace, and both the body of the blouse and the sleeves show the small tucks. This model, while less simple than the Gibson model, is more becoming to the average wearer. The Gibson waist absolutely demands a full chest and sloping shoulders and must be adjusted with great care in order to obtain a satisfactory effect.

White gowns of all sorts and conditions are the season's mania; and, naturally, they are seen by the score among the shirt-waist gowns. Sheer lawns and dimities are made up with simple tucked blouses and plainly trimmed skirts for morning wear, and, it is rumored, will wrest the laurels from heavier materials later in the season. Of course, there are airy white frocks elaborated with a wealth of lace, embroidery and hand-work, but these modest little lawn frocks, trimmed with touches of lace or embroidery at wrist and throat, and possibly made daintier by hand-run tucks rather than machine work, strike a new note in fashions. There have always been canny women who wore such frocks. This season, even foolish femininity will adopt the rational and delectable idea.

However, white crash, butcher's linen and the other heavy white wash materials are in high favor, and for promenade wear seem more appropriate than thinner frocks. A white linen shirt-waist gown, with inset embroidery, medallions and insertion, is as swell a thing as the heart of woman could desire for a warm day's outing. Such a costume is shown in one of our illustrations and needs no description. Bands and inset medallions or designs in colored linen trim many of these white frocks, but the woman who clings to the all-white idea this season is wise.

Sheer summer gowns are likely to run to frills and folly, but the sensible woman, while appreciating the elaborate and perishable confections and buying them, if she can, knows that to weather the season successfully she should have a number of dainty afternoon and dinner gowns that will wash and look crisp and fresh, even at the tag-end of summer and after months of tubbing. White lawn is the best thing for the purpose, and in making it up the possibilities of the threatening tub should float before one's mental vision.

Of White Butcher's  
Linen

Of White Lawn

## "WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS—"

By Emma Churchman Hewitt

**I**T WILL BE almost impossible to make this paper impersonal, but equally difficult will it be to know whether it should be addressed to man or to woman—to determine whether the topic should be regarded more in the light of a right or in that of a wrong; and, after all, the shoe will fit or pinch according to the individual wearer.

It is safe to assert that, even taking jealousy into the question, there is no subject so fruitful of matrimonial dissension as that of family funds. Dissatisfaction arises on both sides—upon the part of the wife because she feels cramped for funds, on that of the husband because of what he regards as useless expenditure, if not actual extravagance. There are cases in which either may be right, there are others where both may be just. But in the majority of cases the trouble lies in a nutshell: lack of confidence upon the part of the husband, lack of knowledge on the part of the wife. Referring to the latter, many a wife has been blamed for living beyond her husband's means when she not only could obtain from him no accounting of the status of his business affairs but was innocently carrying out his own ideas of putting on a bold front. When the crash came, she was blamed for not curtailing expenses, when the fault should have been laid solely at the door of the husband.

A century ago women's business training was such (except in rare instances) that a man might be regarded as quite excusable in keeping his affairs to himself. But to-day it is entirely different, and women are quite as capable of grasping business details as are men; and the man who "talks matters over with his wife" is the sensible one. Many men of this generation do not hesitate to give to their wives the credit due for good business advice.

If, when he marries, a man knows exactly what he has to

live on, either by way of salary or of income, his wife should know too. If he does not know, then should she be informed of that fact also, in order that she may not base her plan of life upon false estimates. Many a man would be surprised to learn with what a small amount a woman is willing to try to get along, providing it is *sure*, and she is allowed to spend it according to her own judgment.

And now we come to the point that no household is upon a proper basis where the wife does not have, *regularly*, a certain proportion of her husband's income. It is useless for a man to declare, "Why, I pay all my wife's bills without a murmur." If it can be avoided, she should not have any bills for him to murmur about. And, in the name of goodness, when it is a well known and long-conceded fact that the average woman can make a dollar go as far again as can a man, why is she so often but grudgingly trusted with a regular sum?

If a man wishes to reduce his household expenses to their lowest he will give his wife a regular sum (and a fair one) for regular demands. But if he does this, he has no more right to ask her for an accounting than she has to ask him why he buys a three-cent paper when he can get one for two. Let him put himself in her place. Suppose his superior in business has set him over a department, how would he like it if he had to account for every lead-pencil or sheet of paper used in carrying it on? He would regard such a demand for accounting as "very small potatoes." Many a man is much smaller "potatoes" than that in dealing with the being he is supposed to hold dearer than all the world besides.

Bills are the ruination of economical housekeeping. (The good housekeeper will not even depend on ordering through a clerk sent to her door.) When an account is kept, even by the week or month, and promptly paid, it is

always a source of trouble. Some one else's articles are put upon the account or one is charged with greater weight than was purchased. Provision dealers are but human, and the best of us will make mistakes.

But worse than this in point of lack of economy is the fact that, without ready money, a woman's opportunities are very circumscribed. If she has an account with A, she must take what A pleases to offer and at his price. The woman with the pocketbook is independent and can purchase where she pleases. She goes to market and buys where she can buy to the best advantage. If A's goods, either in price or quality, do not suit her she goes to B. If she finds a vegetable at B's that will take the place of something at A's for twice the price, she is not obliged to patronize A simply because she has with him a running account and cannot help herself.

Many housekeepers complain that the provision dealers ask higher prices from some of their customers than they do from others. This is quite likely, and as just as it is likely. To do so is strict business. Everybody knows that out in the big business world "discount for cash" is one of the most common things. Is it fair, then, that the man who provides our table for us should not have the same privilege? Suppose you pay him "spot cash" for your purchases while I keep him waiting for his money for months or perhaps a year? Surely he should have some indemnity. I give him no interest on the money I have practically borrowed by keeping back what I owe him, and he has every right to charge me more when I do pay him. At one store that might be named there were *five* customers who could purchase ham at two cents the pound lower than any one else coming to the store. The comment was obvious. Of all the number that dealt in that shop, but *five* paid "spot cash."



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### SENT FREE AND PREPAID

to every reader of *Collier's Weekly*, who needs it and writes for it, to Vernal Remedy Company, Buffalo, N. Y., a trial bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine. Only one small dose a day perfectly cures catarrh, flatulence, indigestion and constipation. It clears the liver and kidneys of all congestion and inflammation and takes all irritation and catarrh from the bladder and all pain and trouble from prostate gland.

**STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE  
Largest Nursery. OTHERS FAIL.**  
Fruit Buds Free. Result of 75 years' experience.  
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N. Y.

Men are fond of calling women "mean" in money matters, but the truth is no credit to man. "When," demands man grandly, "do you see a woman going into a restaurant and ordering a good lunch for herself and her friend, as a man would do, spending a couple of dollars? No! A cup of tea and a roll or some such stuff, and each one paying for herself!"

When? Ah, "when," indeed! Where is the woman who would dare go home and boldly declare that she had spent two dollars of her husband's money to entertain her friend at luncheon?

And yet, O man! did you ever reflect that you, every one of you, are living on your wife's bounty, and that you don't own one cent of your earnings? That instead of her spending your money, you are spending hers? Do you remember that day, some time back, when you voluntarily and solemnly vowed "with all my worldly goods" to "thee endow"? Then everything you ever owned or ever hoped to own passed out of your personal possession.

Think of this a little, and let your wives handle, unhampered, at least so much of your joint funds as is necessary to run the house, resting entirely sure that if they seem to commit a little extravagance in one direction they will make it up in some other.

This, of course, refers to the average woman; there are women and women, as there are men and men. The average woman takes great pride in keeping within a certain amount for household expenditure. And after all is said and done, why should a man desire to add to his cares by arrogating to himself the decision as to whether a new spoon is needed in the kitchen or Johnny's shoes are sufficiently shabby to be discarded? One would think that he would be only too glad to shift such details upon some one else's shoulders. Women are given to detail; let them care for such as are in their own domain.

### "Where There's a Will"

By Madeline Bridges

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

We mourn that these words are so true,

For the will and the way

Most frequently stray

To that which we ought not to do!

### Good Things for Next Week

AMONG the features of next week's Woman's Department of *Collier's Weekly* will be photographs of the new automobile hat and face protector for women, together with pictures of the correct automobile costume for the fair chauffeurs. Lillian Barton-Wilson contributes a short article on "White Linens for the Summer Breakfast-room," Mrs. Cornelius Zabriskie, President of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, dilates on "Concentration by Organization," and Christine Terhune Herriek writes of "Fat Women's Fashion Follies." There will be a number of other equally interesting papers with many photographs and sketches.

### FOOD

### AN APRIL BRACER

Grape-Nuts Food Gives Spring in the Spring.

Teachers require nourishing food more than the average person, for their work is nerve destroying, and unless the food taken will surely rebuild the lost gray matter nervous prostration will set in.

A lady teacher writes, "For the benefit of my fellow teachers and all brain workers who expend daily an amount of nerve energy I want to tell just what I know personally about Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

When I was teaching in a boarding school at P— in '98 one of the day teachers ate Grape-Nuts regularly for breakfast and supper, and appeared so well and strong in all her work.

Miss R— used to beg me to join her and give the food a trial, but for some reason I never would try it until the spring of the present year. Then one day in April when I was very much in need of something bracing and was on the point of buying the usual tonic, she prevailed upon me to begin using Grape-Nuts. So we ate Grape-Nuts together from then until June.

Previous to that, every spring I had been compelled to take a little after bottle of tonics and then go home much run down, but this year June found me well and strong after a most trying month of work, with never a thought about tonics other than the nourishment received from Grape-Nuts. Naturally I believe heartily in the merits of the food.

Since leaving that boarding school, I learn that nearly every teacher in the school from the principal down uses Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

## NO CORNS or BUNIONS

No perspiring, hot, cold or tired feet, if you wear the



## Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN

Does a shoe appeal to you with a damp-proof inner sole which is at once a non-conductor of heat and cold and a luxuriously comfortable cushion to the foot, and which is at the same time as light and stylish appearing as the highest grade shoe made?

Look at the sectional view of the sole here illustrated and you will see the whole story at a glance.

**For Nervous People.** A prominent physician states that 95 per cent of the people suffer from distress arising in the feet, and this affliction reacts upon the whole nervous system.

The human foot has an intricate network of acutely sensitive nerves and it is richly supplied with blood, its circulation however being impaired from the slightest cause.

This comfortable shoe is the invention of a doctor who has made the study of the human foot a specialty, and who devised this shoe to meet every hygienic requirement of all feet of normal shape, and at the same time to overcome every undesirable feature found in other shoes to which pain or discomfort are attributable.

The Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe moulds itself and conforms to every curve of the foot, distributes the weight evenly, relieves the pressure on corns or bunions, prevents friction, gives freedom and rest to every joint and admits of the free circulation of the blood.

There is no breaking in necessary, as it fits at once and feels like an old glove.

There is nothing clumsy about the shoe. It is light in weight, comes in all the latest shapes and every popular last, is stylish as well as comfortable.

We want everyone to wear the Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe, and are establishing agencies everywhere to that end. If your dealer is not selling it, ask him to get it for you or send direct to the makers and we will see that you are supplied.

The price in all styles and sizes is universally \$5.  
for Kid or Box Calf and \$6 for Patent Leather or Enamel.

The Dr. Reed Cushion Shoe is made of the very best material throughout. In quality of material and construction it is a high grade \$5 shoe with the added feature of the Dr. Reed Cushion construction.

### This is the Idea



SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF SOLE  
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## LEWIS UNION SUITS

General Corbin says:  
"The Best" "I am very much pleased with the goods of the Lewis Knitting Company. They are the best of any of which I have knowledge."

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## A POSSIBLE REMEDY FOR THE PIE HABIT

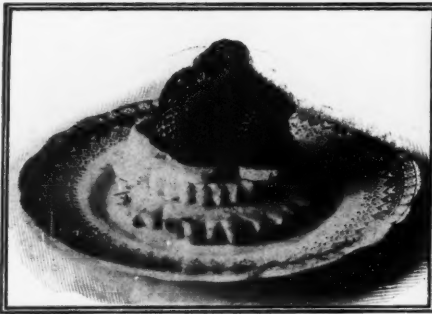
By Isabel Gordon Curtis

**W**HAT IS the burning question of the hour in your country?" was once asked of Kate Field, on her arrival at Hawaii.

"Pie," she answered: "whether we shall or shall not eat it."

The few of our cooking authorities who endorse pie have but two excuses to offer for its existence: "It tempts the appetite, and it is a time-honored dish, almost a national one." The extremist on the pie question finds no possible reason for its use. Chemistry shows there is no nourishment in pie, its digestion is exceedingly difficult, it is not a cheap dessert, and there are few dishes which consume more energy and time in preparation than pie. From the rolling of the shortening into the crust till the plateful of brown crust is taken from the oven at least an hour passes, half of that time being spent in proximity to a hot stove. The housewife, who realizes that it takes little more time to bake half a dozen pies than one, goes a step further in cultivating family indigestion—she makes enough pastry to last for three or four days. If there is one thing more deadly than another—if an indigestion producer may be branded deadly—it is a pie several days old with its bottom crust reduced to actual soginess. Yet this economy of time is practiced all the year round in thousands of American households.

In the depth of winter, when the human body calls for food to fortify it inside against the cold, as clothes warm it outside, pie, with its enrichment of butter or lard and cloying interior of mince-meat, doubtless satisfies a certain need to certain appetites. Men and women whose leisure or profession ensures plenty of outdoor exercise may be able to digest pie; for those who lead sedentary lives there are more wholesome desserts. We do not eat oysters during



A Good Substitute for Pie

the months which have no "r" in them; pie ought to be subjected to a similar regulation. The fruits of summer, from the cherries of June, to the apples of August, seem a very tempting of nature to pie-making, only these same fruits may be utilized for the most delicious of desserts. From May till September, indeed almost till October, the system will find sufficient fuel food in butter, cream and olive oil, which, when eaten uncooked, are very easy of digestion. The fats (we must cook to make them palatable) are lard, suet and marrow, and they are all exceedingly hard to digest. To this list may be added butter; uncooked it is very nutritive; heated to the point required in sautéing or as used in pastry, it is more objectionable than lard.

There is really no excuse for pie when one takes into consideration not only summer fruits, but the bountiful supply of milk, eggs, cream, butter and dried fruits, which may be made a basis for perfectly delicious desserts.

The woman, anxious for the comfort and health of her family, will suit her menus to the rise or fall of the thermometer. On a day when a sudden chill seems to strike at the glowing heart of midsummer one may plan a warmer dessert than usual: nothing difficult of digestion—a steamed or baked pudding, enriched by berries perhaps, and

sweetened by a creamy hard sauce. When the heat blasts with languor both nature and humanity, let the wise cook provide a cooking dinner of white-fleshed meat or fish, a green salad and a chilled or iced dessert.

A physician says emphatically, it is not wholly the sun's rays which cause the thousands of sunstrokes during scorching periods of summer heat. Many weeks each summer in New York there are more sunstrokes than in a tropical city. The secret is, the people of the tropics know the foods which are suited for cooling the blood and they have no craving for anything different. The men and women of the North have not learned this secret or will not put it into practice. On a scorching July day they will dine on red-blooded meat, potatoes fried in fat, browned gravy, rich entrees and lard-soaked pie. After such a meal a man, with his blood almost at fever heat from the fuel put inside him, is in bad condition to withstand a temperature in the nineties.

When one turns to the consideration of what are good hot weather desserts, there are milk puddings—custards, delicious blanc manges, and creams of sago, tapioca or rice. Gelatine desserts are of very large variety; they range from Bavarian cream, with milk and eggs as its base and almost anything for flavoring, to a simple jelly full of cooling fruit juices and occasionally fresh or dried fruits jellied into the mixture. Russian jellies are made by adding to a plain jelly whites of eggs and then beating it to a froth. Whipped cream desserts include Charlotte Russes, Bavarian creams, and other mixtures, half gelatine, half fruit flavor, half the thin whip of cream. In ices we have water ices, sherbets, mousses and ice creams, so many in number that in one summer, using an ice every day, a house-

wife could not exhaust the recipes which might be given. For cooler days there are souffles and puddings to which berries or apples may be added and the cooking be done in the oven or a steamer. Then most delicious and healthful of all are perfect fruits, carefully picked over, chilled, daintily served, and eaten raw with sugar and cream or in salad form.

By salad form I do not mean smothered with mayonnaise, as some cooks suggest. It is an insult to nature to pour oil on fruit. An ideal summer fruit salad, which will suggest many variations to the adaptive cook, is made as follows: Cut a fine juicy pineapple in half-inch-thick slices, pare and cut out the hard core, sprinkle with powdered sugar and set for an hour in the refrigerator. Serve individually on small plates. Lay a smaller round of pineapple on top of a larger round; if there is not enough difference in size, make half of them smaller with a sharp cookie cutter; arrange a circle of thin banana slices on the top slices and fill the hole left by the core with diced pineapple. On top, within the banana slices, put a mound of perfect strawberries and over each salad pour a spoonful of the syrup drained from the pineapple. Sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and serve perfectly chilled. With such a summer-day dessert as this, who would still have a longing for pie?

## THE ART OF PIE-MAKING

By Katherine E. Mege

**A**LTHOUGH many esteemed authorities on dietetics have placed their ban of displeasure upon the pie-eating habit, declaring it to be at all times conducive to ill health, yet the fact remains that the majority of American homes pies are freely consumed. Indeed, so prevalent is the habit that it might well be classed as one of the characteristics of the people as a nation.

However, it is not the purpose of this article to either extol or condone the consumption of pastry, but to give explicit directions for making the very best quality of this, if questionable, nevertheless delectable, variety of sweets; for a well-made pie possesses at least one

virtue. To make crisp, palatable pastry the work must be done in a cool place, the materials which enter into its composition must be of the best, thoroughly chilled, put together quickly, with as little contact during the whole process with the hands and fingers as is practicable. All hard kneading must be avoided if light paste is desired.

The best paste is obtained by using equal portions of butter and lard for shortening. When butter alone is used, except for puff paste, the crust will be tough. All lard produces tender paste, but it is white and tasteless. When freshly made butter cannot be

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had, wash thoroughly and knead in several  
successive waters.

To properly mix the dough for pastry, first  
sift the salt—of which very little should be  
used—with the flour, then by means of a  
knife cut the shortening into the flour. To  
one accustomed to use the hands for this  
purpose the operation will be awkward; but  
experience will overcome this, and the re-  
sult justifies the extra trouble.

When the flour and shortening are incor-  
porated, add, a few drops at a time, just  
enough ice water or very cold water to cause  
the ingredients to adhere, being careful to  
avoid having wet streaks. Do not knead,  
but turn the dough, which has been lightly  
gathered into a round heap, on to a well-  
floured doughboard, or marble slab if pro-  
curable, and divide into two parts, one for  
the upper, the other for the lower crust.

Flour the rolling-pin, which should be  
straight—that is, the same size at the ends  
as in the middle—then, with light but effec-  
tual strokes, roll into shape. The strokes  
must always be from the worker, and the  
pressure must be even. The top crust must  
have airholes in it, else it will burst.

The paste will be lighter if, after mixing,  
it is stood in the icebox or other cold place  
for two hours or more before baking.

One of the bane of the pie-maker is the  
soggy under-crust. To effectually prevent  
this, bake, but do not brown, the bottom  
crust before putting in the filling. Further,  
upon removing from the oven do not take  
out of the baking-tin until ready to serve.  
Instead, stand on an inverted teacup. The  
air will circulate beneath and dry the under-  
crust. A trial of this method will convince  
the most sceptical. Perforated pie-tins are  
the most satisfactory. If these cannot be had use  
granite-ware.

Perhaps, after all, the success of the pie  
depends more upon the baking than upon  
any other step in the whole process. The  
materials may be the choicest and skilfully  
combined, yet if the oven be too slow the  
paste will not rise, but become white and  
clammy. In this many cooks may find an  
answer to the puzzle, why their pies never  
look fresh and flaky. On the other hand, if  
the heat be too brisk and the paste browns  
before it has time to rise, it will have a  
rancid taste.

It will, therefore, be seen that the tem-  
perature of the oven is a matter of much  
moment to the successful pastry cook. The  
fire should be made long enough beforehand  
for the heat to have a "body." Test before  
putting in the pies by baking a bit of crust.

A good formula for proportions for family  
pastry is: To three cups sifted flour, to which  
a little salt is added, use one cup shortening.  
If one-half teaspoonful baking powder is used  
three-fourths cup of shortening will suffice.  
This is sufficient for four ordinary pies. The  
amount may be increased or diminished, pro-  
vided the proportions are kept.

To make puff paste that is light and flaky  
requires, besides the knowledge *how*, an in-  
finite amount of patience and a certain adroitness  
or, one might say, sleight of hand, which  
only comes with experience.

The secret lies in securing the greatest num-  
ber of alternate layers of butter and dough. To  
accomplish this there must be sufficient butter  
to form these layers before it is absorbed into  
the dough. If too much butter is used it will  
not be absorbed; consequently the paste will  
be heavy, greasy and unpalatable.

Many cooks allow equal weights of flour and  
butter for puff paste. Experience has proven  
that equally good results may be had by using  
three-fourths pound butter to one pound flour.  
The butter, which must be fresh and sweet,  
should harden in ice water before it is used,  
and then be divided into four equal parts.

Sift the flour into a bowl which has been  
thoroughly chilled, cut up one of the lumps  
of butter in it, then wet with a little ice  
water. When a dough is thus formed, turn  
upon a marble slab, dust with flour and roll  
into a strip about twelve by six inches. Flour  
the remaining portions of butter and roll into  
strips eight by five inches. Mix one-half tea-  
spoonful cream tartar with twice its bulk of  
flour. Sprinkle each strip of butter with the  
mixture, lay one on the strip of dough and roll  
up. Let stand fifteen minutes in a cold place  
to prevent butter from oiling, then roll out, lay  
on another butter strip, roll up, set aside to  
chill, and so proceed until all the butter is in-  
corporated with the dough, then roll into shape.

This variety of paste is especially suitable  
for tarts and pies having no top crust. In  
summer, it should be made the day before  
baking, then put into a closely covered pail  
and stood in the ice chest.

**THE BENEFIT OF THE  
REST CURE**

By Belle M. Sherman

**I**F WOMEN only knew it, five, ten, fifteen  
minutes' rest sometime during every day  
would keep them young and fresh-look-  
ing more efficaciously than many of the tonics  
sold in the shops. And then to think how  
much cheaper it is to throw yourself down  
for a few "forty winks" than to buy bottle  
after bottle of some patent concoction!

All women need a complete relaxation. It  
is folly to urge that you cannot afford the time.  
You must make the time. The business woman,  
the society woman, the homemaker, are all liv-  
ing on their nerve force, each in a different  
way.

If the business woman is so placed that she  
goes home to her lunch, a few moments flat on  
her back on her lounge, arms straight down at  
the sides, eyes closed, and every nerve and  
muscle relaxed will refresh her and send her  
back to her work a new woman.

The society woman can easily snatch a  
"beauty rest" in the lull between morning  
and afternoon functions. What is more  
simple than for the homemaker to rest for  
half an hour between luncheon and dinner?

This knack of complete relaxation to be  
beneficial cannot be acquired at once; it  
must be worked up to gradually. It is well  
to begin by practicing the complete relaxation  
of every nerve and muscle for five minutes,  
increasing day by day, until finally you be-  
come so adept in the art that you can obtain  
control over not only nerves and muscles, but  
thoughts.

Many women to whom the luxury of a  
lounge is an impossibility have cultivated the  
habit of leaning back in their chairs, making  
their minds a blank, and closing their eyes  
for five or ten minutes. They tell me that when they bring themselves  
together again they can take up their work  
with new vim and vigor.

It is a mistaken idea for women to look  
upon this "beauty rest" in the middle of the  
day as indicative of laziness. The nervous  
tension under which we live these days, the  
dreadful hurry to get there, whether the goal  
be a bargain counter or a competitive exami-  
nation, is very trying to women.

Women live so on their nerves that a com-  
plete relaxation is of vital importance to them,

if they wish to preserve their youth and fresh-  
ness. Nothing so flags and ages a woman as a  
continuous nervous strain, and in no instance  
is the old adage, "All work and no play makes  
Jack a dull boy," so timely.

Many faddists on the "rest cure" advise a  
woman whose employment is such that she  
cannot snatch a few minutes' rest and relaxa-  
tion during working days to spend all her Sun-  
days and holidays in bed. This advice is non-  
sensical. Sundays and holidays spent in the  
open air and sunshine are more conduc-  
tive to good health and renewed youth than  
being shut up in your room lying abed all  
day.

For those who can, it is well to make an  
iron-clad rule and adhere to it. Set aside a  
certain hour for taking a "beauty rest" every  
day. After luncheon is a good time for most  
women. Close your bedroom door, darken  
the room, put on a loose gown if you can,  
then lie perfectly flat on your back—nerves,  
muscles, mind, relaxed.

You need not sleep. The complete relaxa-  
tion is as beneficial as a nap. Sleep will often  
make you dull, and you are loth to rouse your-  
self, dress and go out on your round of social  
or professional duties.

Your room has a great deal to do with your  
ability to relax. Let the color scheme be rest-  
ful, not garish. What can be more unrestful  
than a highly colored wall-paper, gaudy  
chintzes and a multiplicity of ribbon bows,  
running through the gamut of shades?

It is folly to allow yourself to become im-  
bued with the idea that you can neither sleep  
nor rest during the daytime; that you are too  
busy and cannot spare the time. This is false  
reasoning, and if you wish to retain your youth  
and beauty a systematic rest with complete  
relaxation every day will accomplish more than  
doctoring.

By means of this "beauty rest" you will  
retain your well-rounded figure, your elastic  
step and carriage, your delicate rosy com-  
plexion and the youthful brilliancy of your  
eyes. Not only this, but in return for the  
time spent in the magic dip of rest-land,  
you will find yourself taking up the duty  
burden in better spirits and with a vim for  
anything, no matter how difficult.

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### Educational Notice

A prominent business man of Boston will be very glad to hear from any ambitious reader of *Collier's Weekly* who desires to study Mechanical, Electrical, Steam or Textile Engineering and has not the opportunity to attend school. This gentleman has at his disposal a few scholarships in a well known educational institution for home study, the only expense being the actual cost of instruction papers and postage. Write to W. L. Barnard, Box 3737, Boston, Mass., for particulars if you are ambitious and in earnest.

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## MARCONI'S STRUGGLE for RECOGNITION

Herbert Wallace

WHEN MARCONI first succeeded in sending a message across the English Channel, and his fame began to be international, the late Cecil Rhodes sent for him in order to discuss the practicability of using in Africa the wireless system for connecting Cairo with the Cape. At that time Marconi's ultimate success was more problematic than it is to-day, but the South African uncrowned king was so impressed with Marconi's modest demonstrations that he exclaimed: "If I had only known of this six months ago I would have established it for our African railway service. With what you have already done we could, by establishing stations every fifty miles, save millions of money that we are now spending for telegraphic equipments according to the old system."

The idea of telegraphing across the ocean without wires has been in Marconi's mind ever since he began work with the system. When he came over last winter, in order that his whole plan might not be known, he merely announced that he was going to do some experimental work for the Newfoundland Government. His use of balloons was only a temporary expedient (indeed, his newest system does not require a particularly high mast); but after covering eighteen hundred miles in this experimental fashion he felt confident that, with a fully equipped station which wind and weather could not affect, he would be able to exchange transatlantic messages with ease.

When Marconi lately returned from England he brought with him all the material needed for a permanent station. His plan involved the building of four stone towers, similar to lighthouses, which he proposed to put up at Cape Cod. The Newfoundland work was merely experimental, carried on there because the inventor could work without interruption. Each of the four towers was to be equipped with similar instruments, so arranged in parallel that a quadruple effect might be gained. Of course, the Cornwall station was to be similarly equipped, and each terminal was to have very powerful transmitters. It is merely a question of multiplication. With a small amount of electric energy Marconi has been able to send messages hundreds of miles. If he increases the amount of energy used at the transmitting end, naturally the impulse will radiate further and the detectors will more easily pick up the message.

The United States will at once, then, enter into the full benefit of Marconi's achievement. When his system is in good working order there is not so much danger of a breakdown as in a cable; the cost of equipment is so much less that the difference is reckoned in millions of dollars; there is little loss in wear and tear, maintenance or operation; so that the prediction that transatlantic messages may soon be sent for one cent a word is not only justified, but it may be done, even at that figure, with tremendous profit. A few thousand dollars is sufficient for one of these stations, the principal cost being the towers. The necessary instruments at each end make

the smallest part of the expense. When Marconi was working a hundred miles overland, he estimated the cost of his instruments to be about five hundred dollars for a station, but with quadrupled receiving stations and increased power of transmitters it will be considerably more.

One problem, in particular, enters in whenever the general use of the Marconi system is suggested. Scientists rise up to say that the use of several instruments in the same locality would produce an electric bedlam. The criticism reminds one of a man who wrote to the London "Times" when Marconi first began to experiment with the Post-Office Department, saying that he feared the passage of electric waves through London would injure people, and that a law should control the letting loose of these waves. Marconi has demonstrated to his own satisfaction, though he has not as yet taken the public into his confidence, that he can have a hundred instruments working in the same room; each one receiving and sending messages without conflicting with the others. Our own Weather Bureau has been experimenting for months along this line—they call it selective telegraphy; Marconi calls it "tuning"—and the officials doubt if it can be done. Marconi no longer doubts—he has already accomplished it. It was with the idea that confusion might result from the general use of the ether wave system of telegraphing that Professor Willis J. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, recently suggested that, if a selective system could not be found, our government should take exclusive control of all systems of the kind, because of their value to our marine interests. "In that case," he goes on in his report to the Secretary of Agriculture, "we could establish stations along our extensive coast lines at such distances and in such relation the one to the other that they shall not interfere. Even then, there will occasionally be difficulty in communicating with the mainland whenever two ships in close proximity are attempting to transmit or receive messages at the same time."

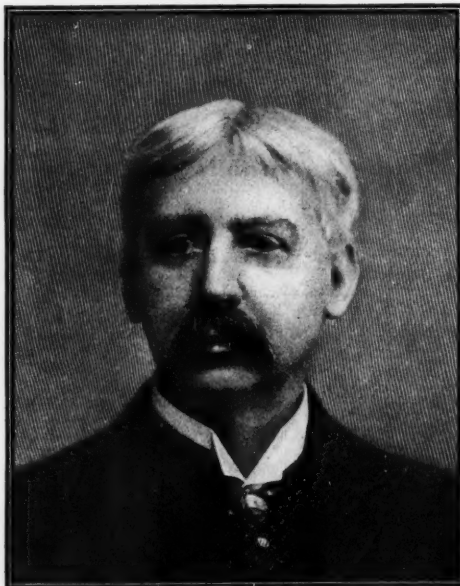
Marconi has shown, in just such respects as these, how far ahead of all of his competitors he has kept. There is no problem in ether wave telegraphy which he has not worked on and no problem connected with the whole range of telegraphing without wires upon which he has not surpassed all others. The time has come for the scientific world to give him the fullest possible recognition. A single spark of his genius has enabled him to leap across the gap of years of scientific study and accomplish the greatest wonder of the age. In his own mind, the transatlantic achievement is but a step in his progress toward the complete solution of wireless telegraph problems.

"The greatest success I ever accomplished," says Marconi, "was when I succeeded in sending a faint signal across a room in my father's house seven years ago. That was an elemental success. Everything I have done since that has depended upon that first struggle."

## A Famous American Novelist Dead

FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born at Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839, and died suddenly at Camberley, near London, on May 5. He was the son of a schoolmaster, and at the age of seventeen went to California, where in the mining town of Sonora he adopted his father's calling. Afterward he became a compositor, and ultimately graduated to the editorship of the San Francisco "Golden Era" and "The Californian." In the latter paper appeared his "Condensed Novels." In 1868 he took charge of the new "Overland Monthly." His "Luck of Roaring Camp," "Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Maggies," and other stories were really the making of that magazine and himself. In 1870 the "Heathen Chinee" was published. Later he was U. S. consul at Crefeld and Glasgow respectively.

One of Bret Harte's last stories of California—"The Landlord of the Big Flume Hotel"—was published in *Collier's Weekly* in the issue of December 21.



The Late Francis Bret Harte



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## AUTOMOBILE SPEED TESTS ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY  
WALTER CAMP

## AUTOMOBILE TESTS

In what space may an automobile going at full speed be stopped? This was the practical problem attacked by the Automobile Club of America in a series of tests on Riverside Drive, May 1, to demonstrate that the horseless carriage is less dangerous to the public than is the coach, the victoria or the common cab.

Whenever a child is knocked down by an automobile there is a great outcry, while little is said about the hundreds that are injured by horse vehicles. The bicycle had to meet and overcome the same popular ignorance and prejudice. Because of this outcry it has been proposed to reduce still lower the limit of speed for automobiles. The present limit is eight miles an hour in this city. The club men wished to prove to the city authorities that, travelling at the same rate of speed, an automobile may be stopped much more quickly than any kind of horse vehicle.

The actual tests were somewhat sensational in their results. The automobile won in every contest against the horse. It was shown clearly that the horseless carriage could be stopped within less than half the distance required to bring a horse carriage to a standstill.

Harry Payne Whitney's four-in-hand coach furnished, perhaps, the most interesting contest with the automobile. The coach, driven at the rate of 16.3 miles an hour, could not be brought to a stand in less than 77 feet 6 inches. A gasoline carriage, running at 20 miles an hour speed, stopped in 35 feet, turning completely as it did so. J. Proctor Smith's automobile, a Panhard machine, running at some twenty miles an hour, was stopped within 30 feet. An ordinary victoria, going at only 14 miles an hour, required 61 feet in which to come to a standstill.

The result of the tests astonished every one. The automobilists are certain they have shown conclusively that the speed of their machines can safely be fixed at a much higher limit than that now fixed for horse vehicles.

## GARDEN CITY GOLF

At the Garden City tournament there was an opportunity of once more seeing the decided margin which separates the play of the present amateur champion from that of the best of our younger players. Particularly was this discrepancy noticeable in the average quality of the work. And to say that it was only a question of time and the number of holes played to bring Travis to the top is but to repeat the commentary on his play that has been made in these columns during the last year.

In addition to this, interest centred upon the younger players—college and schoolboy. Yale and Princeton both had entries, and the college men stood well up in qualifying. Yale rather the stronger on the first day; later, in match play, Princeton had all the better of it, Percy Pyne 2d disposing of Campbell of Yale 5 up and 4 to play, while John Moller, Jr., of Apawamis put out Alsop of Yale, and Wilson, the captain of the Princeton team, eventually disposed of the Yale captain, Hitchcock, Jr., after a hard match, at the twentieth hole.

The contest finally narrowed down to Travis and Moller, although Mallouf, the St. Paul schoolboy, in the semi-finals, made a good match, going out with the amateur champion. Mallouf halved the first four holes, and then succeeded in taking the lead by winning the fifth hole, 266 yards, in 4 to Travis's 5. But Travis took the next six holes in par golf. He eventually won the match by 5 up and 4 to play. He was on the edge of the green of the eighth hole, 408 yards, in 2, approached safely and ran it down in 4. At the tenth, 338 yards, he went two strokes under bogie, being well on the green in his second and running down his put.

In the finals Moller was at first wild through the fair green, which gave Travis at the sixth hole a lead of 4 up, which he increased to 5 by the end of the morning, and, after being 8 up at one time, won out on the thirteenth green with a lead of 6.

The best match was for the second cup, between Reinhardt, the Princeton captain, and Murphy, the St. Paul schoolboy, the latter winning on the thirty-sixth hole with a 4 to Reinhardt's 5. Baker of Princeton beat Stillman, who was far from his best, for the third cup, and Taylor of Dyker Meadow took the Hotel Cup from Murphy of Deal Beach in a runaway match. Russell of Garden City, Reinhardt of Princeton and the veteran Pat Grant of Brookline tied for the Handicap Cup all with net seventy-nines, Reinhardt's gross being 86, Grant's 89 and Russell's 93.

## CLEVER POLO

Some of the most remarkable polo playing is being done by the younger element, and it has hardly been expected that boys just beginning their teens would be a real factor in the sport. Any team laboring under the delusion that only men are capable of putting up a strong article of play has but to make up a team and try the Lakewood first with the three Goulds and Ben Nicoll, and it need not give them any favor or goals either. Jay and Kingdon, the two lads, only thirteen and fourteen, ride like small Centaurs, and, splendidly mounted on ponies quick as cats, can easily turn

inside any men they meet. But their best work is in strokes, and here they are accurate and certain. Their direction is marvellously good, and unless the ball be bounding they get it clean and square with a good follow through. Moreover, they have very nearly as many strokes as the Waterbury boys. In their recent match with the Westchester team (composed of Blair at 1, R. J. Collier at 2, Livingston Beekman at 3 and Earl at back) the Lakewood team (with Jay and Kingdon at 2 and 3, George Gould at 1 and Nicoll at back) defeated the Westchesters by 4 1-2 goals to 2; and in that



Walter J. Travis



Reynolds, Pitcher U. of P.

game showed one as pretty a piece of headwork as could be seen on any polo field. The ball was across Lakewood's goal line, and Nicoll knocked it out. It went straight as a die with Jay and Kingdon after it, Jay in the lead, and a little behind, a Westchester man, whom he overtook before the latter could reach the ball. Riding him off, Jay stayed with him straight down the field, leaving the ball to Kingdon, who came on with it nicely with two good strokes, and at the third sent it up to Jay, who shot it through the goal, a clean carry between the two boys for the length of the field.

## INTERNATIONAL POLO

Saturday, May 3, furnished the first opportunity of securing something of a line upon the work of the American polo team which will represent us in the international contest at Hurlingham. At Ranelagh, the American team, short the services of Foxhall Keene, who, owing to his recent injury, is still out of the game, lined up against a team of Old Cantabs. The American team was made up of John E. Cowdin, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., R. L. Agassiz and Lawrence Waterbury. The



Coach T. P. Artaud and the Mackenzie School Relay Team, Winners of the One-mile Interscholastic Relay Race at Philadelphia, April 26

English team had McCreery, Freake, Buckmaster and Miller. The ground was extremely soggy and rain fell almost continuously, so that the players were well soaked during the entire play. The Englishmen succeeded in hitting one goal, but this was disallowed, as it was from an offside hit. The Americans, on the other hand, made four goals, J. M. Waterbury, Jr., securing three of these.

Englishmen are rather reticent as to what this indicates regarding the chances of the Americans securing the cup. At Hurlingham they do not place a great deal of reliance

upon the line thus obtained and still believe the cup entirely safe. On the other hand, many of those who saw the match believe that the Americans will beat any English team that can be got together, reasoning on the basis that Buckmaster and Miller are two of England's best and will probably both play on the team in the international, while Miller has been rated for some time as the most servicable back in England.

The American ponies were good, and made an excellent impression. The game was fast and brilliant in spite of the bad weather.

PENN. 4  
YALE 2

The renewal of relations in baseball between Yale and Pennsylvania brought out a sharp contest at Philadelphia on May 3, in which the wearers of the blue suffered defeat in the ninth inning by a wild throw of their short stop over third baseman's head. The score was 2 to 2 when Devlin, the Quaker pitcher, made a two-bagger. Collier, who followed him, hit to Miller, the Yale short stop, who made a motion as if to catch Collier at first and then tied for Devlin at third; but the ball went wild over Guernsey's head to the grandstand and both men scored. Both pitchers did well, but Pennsylvania clearly outbatted Yale besides playing a cleaner fielding game, getting but a single error and that not an expensive one. Collier and Devlin did the best hitting for Pennsylvania, Miller and Barnwell for Yale.

The athletes who are coming East under Trainer Walter Christy and Manager Decoto to represent the University of California consist of the following: Alfred D. Plaw, hammer thrower and shot putter; Roy D. Service, mile and half-mile runner; Francis H. Redewill, mile runner; Anthony Cadogan, 100, 200 and 400 yard dashes; Emile R. Abadie, 100-yard sprinter; Edward M. Hussey, broad jumper, and captain of the team; William A. Powell and Herbert C. Cheek, hurdlers and high jumpers; S. A. Tibbets, two-mile runner; John A. Wilcox, pole vaulter; and Edward Topham, broad jumper and quarter-mile runner.

The University of California, or Berkeley, to use the more common name, first sent an athletic team East several years ago to compete in the Intercollegiate, and at that time, practically unknown, made a most favorable impression with two hurdlers who proved, in spite of the long trip and the altered conditions of climate, such excellent performers as to convince every one that Berkeley athletes would be an addition to any meeting, even the one in which the highest class men meet annually.

Its next notice to the college world, that from the Pacific Coast would come world-beaters, was when it brought out Plaw, the hammer thrower, probably as certain a performer in his specialty as any man who ever stood in a circle. Under President Wheeler, formerly of Cornell, now head of the California institution, rowing will be added to Berkeley's athletic sports, and before long it is hoped that it will send crews East as strong as its track teams.

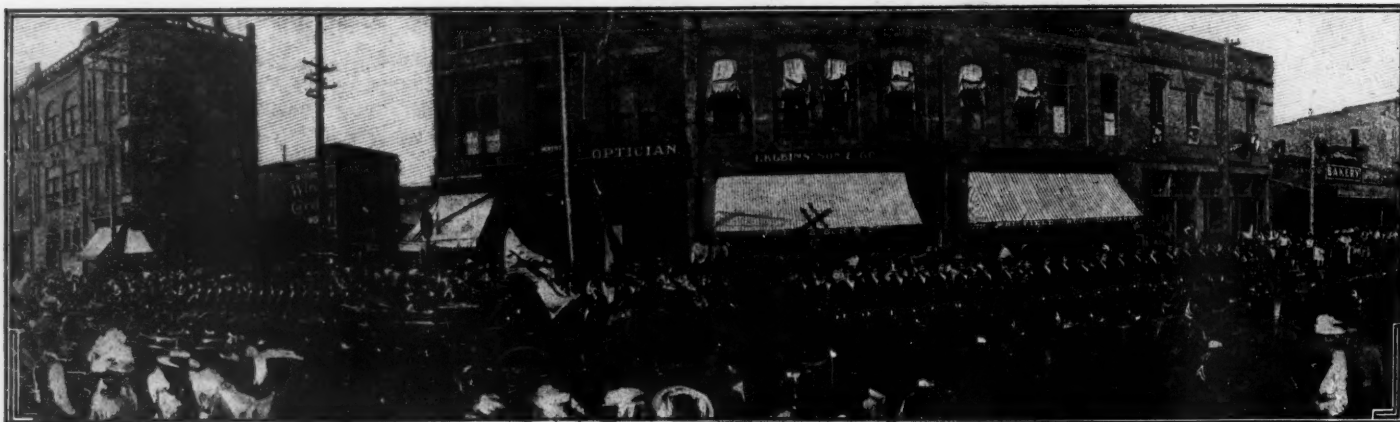
## HARVARD-YALE DUAL MEET

The Harvard-Yale dual games take place at Cambridge on the 17th of May, and much speculation has been ventured as to the outcome. In the sprints, Schick of Harvard and Hargrave of Yale should make a hot match. Moulton, at the time of the last class games in New Haven, strained a tendon and may not be able to compete. Should he be in condition, he ought to come very near winning the 220. Lightner of Harvard is a fast man, however, and to be reckoned with. In the quarter-mile, if one may judge from the relay races, Harvard has three or four good men. Rust, Willis and Boynton are all first class. Boardman of Yale has at times shown the greatest speed of any of them, but he is an uncertain performer. Long, a Yale freshman, is probably next to Boardman, but some distance behind him. In the half-mile run, Harvard looks to have decidedly the better of it. And the same was true of the mile run until after the Pennsylvania relay, when Yale's stock went up, Demming and Jacobus, two comparatively new men, running particularly well. In the two mile, Franchot and Teel are Yale's best, but Harvard looks to have a shade the better of it. In the hurdles, however, Clapp should account for first place, both in high and low, for Yale. Spraker should be certain of first in the high jump, while in the broad Falls and Bodman, two new Yale men, ought to secure the majority of points for the blue. In the shot and hammer, Harvard ought to get eleven out of a possible sixteen points. In the pole vault the competition is uncertain, but Harvard does not expect to get more than three points at this event.

On the whole, the contests look remarkably close, with Harvard the better at the distance events and Yale at the short sprints. If all the favorites go well Yale should win by a few points, but Yale's performers have never yet been at their best on the Cambridge track. It is a well-known fact, also, that superiority in the distance events is usually more consistently maintained than in the sprints. If Hargrave runs no better than he did at the relay races in Philadelphia, Harvard may pull out enough points here to win out.

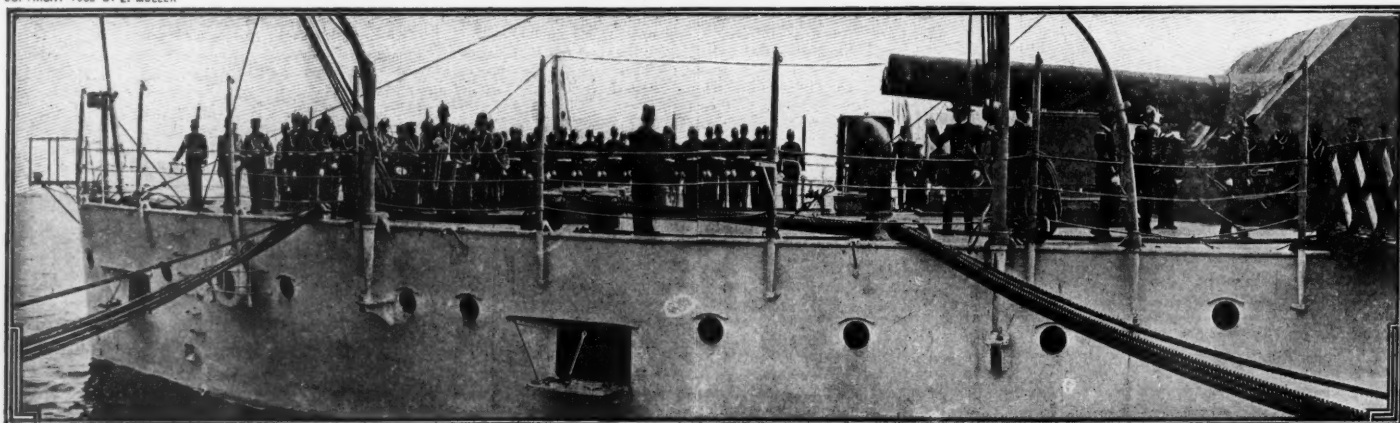
WALTER CAMP.

## A NAVAL HERO AND A GREAT YANKEE BATTLESHIP



REAR-ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY was the guest of honor of Mississippi early in May. Meridian accorded him an enthusiastic welcome. A battalion of three hundred uniformed girls from the East Mississippi Female College met the Admiral on his arrival. During the parade they were put through a graceful drill, finally drawing up in double line on either side of the street. As the carriage containing Admiral Schley and his wife passed, the girls bombarded them with flowers. At the Meridian City Hall a great crowd of children welcomed the Admiral, singing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"

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THE "ILLINOIS" OFF FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The first-class battleship "Illinois," fleetest and first of her kind, started on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic on the afternoon of April 29. The eventful day was opened by the ceremony of raising the Rear-Admiral's flag over her and making her the flagship of the European squadron, band playing and marines lined up. Then the ship fired a salute to her Admiral's flag. After this her guns thundered a salvo in honor of Rear-Admiral Barker. And then Rear-Admiral Barker gave a return salute from the Cob Dock for the new Admiral and the "Illinois." Shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon, the great battleship, looking almost conscious of her beauty and importance, turned into the East River from her station at the Navy Yard, and swept majestically toward the ocean. The officers of the new ship are Captain George A. Converse; Lieutenant-Commander N. R. Usher; Lieutenant Charles Webster, Flag Secretary, and Lieutenant H. H. Ward, Flag Lieutenant.—(See front page)

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY—III

IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD LENS OVER EVERYTHING ELSE—UPON IT DEPENDS HOW MUCH AND HOW CLEARLY THE CAMERA SEES WHEN IT WINKS—THE EQUIPMENT AND THE DARKROOM—WHY THE BATHROOM, THOUGH USUALLY SELECTED, IS THE WORST POSSIBLE CHOICE

By EDWARD A. ROTH



A Gigantic "Mir"

that the latter almost always has the better tools. This is one reason why it isn't the wisest thing in the world for a novice to buy a cheap outfit or to adopt makeshift expedients and expect good or even satisfactory results. But it is requisite, if real pleasure is to be hoped for, to get started on a basis that will give art instinct a fair chance to find expression.

While it is true that a cigar box and a discarded opera-glass lens will make a camera that will actually take a picture, the cigar box-opera glass contrivance isn't the kind of an outfit to feed ambition upon. Yet cameras are sold that are not a bit better or more fit for the work than the rude makeshift mentioned. Good cameras are cheap enough; poor cameras are so cheap as to be expensive.

In choosing a camera, the use to which it is to be put is a matter for first consideration. A plate camera is far preferable to one using only films, unless the amateur is obliged to work under circumstances in which the change of plates or the making ready of a plateholder

and focusing are impossible. Plates are handled with less danger or loss, easier to develop and better and more conveniently preserved as negatives. Films possess merit chiefly as necessities under difficulties.

### VALUABLE CAMERA "POINTS"

The cost of a camera may run from comparatively few dollars into hundreds beyond the limits of the average amateur's purse or purpose. The strongly built, compact, light-tight box and bellows is to be chosen, with few adjustable parts outside of a rack and pinion, extension slide, movable lens-board, swing-back and plateholder spring. A telephoto bellows is a desirable acquisition because of its great range of adaptability for distance views, copying and the like. Often a beautiful composition of landscape is inaccessible to the ordinary camera because too distant for nearer approach upon the same angle. Here is the province of the telephoto—to virtually bring the camera near to the picture and reproduce it at the desired covering size.

As to dimensions of plate, the best for all-round purposes is 5 x 7. A 4 x 5 or smaller plate is scarcely large enough for portrait work and its best recommendation is convenience in carrying. A larger size than 5 x 7 is likely to make its presence distinctly, if not distressingly, felt, unless your picture-making apparatus includes a truck.

### IMPORTANCE OF THE LENS

Far and away ahead of all else in the equipment is the importance of a good lens. The ordinary lens is by no means a piece of window-glass. It is machine ground, by a very clever and fine mechanical process, well put together, carefully tested and accurate. It is rectilinear—that is to say, it does not distort the image—and light is transmitted to the plate with fair rapidity and evenness of distribution.

But the higher-priced lens is more carefully ground, under closer supervision and scrutiny, more elaborately constructed, and adapted to a far wider scope of utility. For instance, the common fixture has a front lens and a rear one. More costly "camera eyes" often consist of as many as eight separately ground and placed lenses, offering combinations for purposes impossible to the ordinary lens. It is sensible to pay far more for a lens than for a camera box. The lens is worth more in every way. Give your camera a good eye and it will save you lots of trouble and make better pictures for you. Details imperceptible in the time of exposure to the cheap lens are seen and caught distinctly by a first-class one.

Like the camera and lens, let the carrying equipment be made upon practical lines, as strong, compact and light as possible. The value of a staunch tripod, for instance, will be learned after some experience with a fragile and shaky skeleton. Provision for at least six plateholders should be made in the travelling "kit."

So much for the picture-taking outfit. Next comes the picture-making plant. In this it is well to learn from the experience of those who don't know how big a part poorly extemporized arrangements have played in their failures. Personally, I believe blunderers are permitted to live for the sole purpose of perpetrating mistakes to be investigated by those who thus learn more cheaply by them. Personal experience may be a great teacher, but it costs more and isn't any better than profiting by the other fellow's experience.

### AVOID A BATHROOM DARKROOM

Well, then, above all things don't use a bathroom for the sanctum sanctorum of your art, unless you are positively driven to it. I know it is attractive because of the running water, and that big tub seems an

excellent place in which to rinse plates or prints. But it isn't; it is far worse than a laundry washtub. The best bathroom tub is likely to have particles of foreign matter clinging to its sides, sometimes so strongly alkaline as to affect your work. If used at all, a bath or wash tub should be simply a repository for trays in which the negatives or prints are placed. The proper place to wash a negative, by the way, is in one of the zinc boxes sold for the purpose, and in which the water, by a simple contrivance, is admitted first to the bottom, overflowing at the top.

To illustrate what may happen in a bathroom darkroom, take the experience of one of my acquaintances while at the seashore. He had made some exposures of fishermen launching their boats. In the bathroom of his cottage he developed and fixed them, leaving them in the tub to wash. They had come up beautifully strong, sharp and clear. Upon quitting the room he raised the shade at the window. An hour afterward he returned to find the tub afloat with detached films. The sun had come around to the back of the house and, shining through the bathroom window and into the tub, had warmed the water and caused the film-layers to become detached from the plates. He had lost a dozen beautiful negatives.

If possible make your darkroom in an inside room, lighted only through the door; or, better still, through a small window opening upon a hall or other room. This window, covered with ruby paper, is far more to be desired for the red light than a smoky, ill-smelling oil lamp, which adds to the discomforts of the Stygian den. Natural light, thus admitted, is better for watching the development of negatives and less trying to the eyes. Running water and a good-sized sink are splendid aids, but can be dispensed with.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



*L. Garnier*

THIS SIGNATURE—L. GARNIER  
—APPEARS TWICE ON THE  
LABEL OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

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THE HIGHEST-GRADE AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR. IT IS THE ONLY CORDIAL MADE BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE. A GLASS AFTER DINNER IS A WONDERFUL AID TO DIGESTION. IT GIVES A REFINED TERMINATION TO THE MOST ELABORATE BANQUET, AND IS AN APPROPRIATE AND SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION TO ALMOST ANY MEAL.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,  
Bäcker & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.,  
Sole Agents for United States.

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Here's an opportunity, a co-operative plan appealing to the wage earner to provide a stable income, or a safe investment for a man of means. \$2.50 per month for 40 months buys a \$100 share in the Lolita Plantation, capital stock \$200,000 divided in 2,000 shares—non-assessable. Lolita Plantation 1078 acres in the heart of the world's famed coffee and rubber belt of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on the Tehuantepec National R.R., the world's highway between the Atlantic and Pacific. Frost and drought unknown. 367,000 coffee trees, 183,000 rubber trees now under cultivation. Send for free booklet. The Lolita Plantation Co., 812 Security Bldg., St. Louis.

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Double action. Sold direct where dealers will not supply.

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One in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1902 Bicycle.

**1902 MODELS, \$9 to \$15.**

'01 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$11.

500 Second-hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, \$3 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. We ship to anyone on approval and ten days trial without a cent in advance.

Earn a Bicycle distributing 1000 catalogues for us. Write at once for bargain list and our wonderful special offer to agents. Tires, equipment, sundries, all kinds, half regular prices.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 35 F, Chicago, Ill.**

*Free Pass*

to Washington, return  
Send 2c. stamp.  
Address: E. E. Ticket Dept.,  
National Tribune,  
Washington, D. C.

## A First-Class Passenger

By Cy Warman

Author of "The Story of the Railroad," Etc.

ONE DAY an American millionaire was seated alone in a first-class compartment of a first-class car on a European railway. You will observe, if you watch an English engine picking up a string of the light carriages used over there, that the train starts with a swish and swiftness that suggests a balloon as it leaves the earth. As the train bearing the American millionaire was sweeping out of a way station the lone occupant of the first-class car glanced out over the door, the glass being down, and saw a man hanging to the hand-rail outside. His feet were firm enough on the narrow step, and he had a good grip on the hand-railing, but the speed of the train would in a few moments be so great that the life of the luckless passenger would be imperilled.

The lone voyager thought he knew the face of the man outside, but was not quite sure. He knew that the little hard hat the man was holding down with one hand was a Yankee hat. It was at least six months subsequent on the other side, but it fairly screamed, "Made in America." Of course, any man dying a distress signal would receive succor from the big-hearted millionaire, but blood (and he had spilled oceans of it) is thicker than water, so out through the open half of the door went the strong right arm of the traveller. It caught and gripped the collar of the other man's coat and dragged him over the door.

The rescued one got to his feet, dusted himself, after the fashion of the comedy tramp in a play, wiped the top of his American hat and began to look about. At that moment his benefactor recognized his find. He knew him personally. They were, if not personal friends, at least business acquaintances.

The reclaimed man, still dusting, began to look about. The millionaire tried to apologize, but the other man only "rubbered," as if trying to find himself. Presently he spoke. "Why, Phil!" he said slowly, still looking the car over, "this is a first-class compartment."

"Yes, Jay," said Phil, "the packing business is good business. I've made some money. I can afford to travel first-class now."

"Well," said Jay, still rubbing his hat, "I presume I could afford it, too, but it isn't worth it. I've looked the thing over carefully and I've come to the conclusion that it's not worth the price. The difference in the cost is out of all proportion to the difference in the comfort. The best class of Englishmen never go first-class. In fact, when I see a man in a first-class compartment I invariably glance up to see how many diamonds he is wearing."

At that moment the train stopped at another way station. Jay said, "Well," because there seemed to be nothing else to say, stepped out and entered his own compartment in the third-class car.

"I said to myself," said Phil, relating this story, "as Jay walked down the platform, 'There goes a man with money and the courage of his convictions.'"

## FOOD

### INSIDE THE GROCERY

Some Facts Made Known.

It is often thought that grocers really have very little care regarding the food value of the articles they sell, but the real facts are that grocery keepers of the right sort are extremely particular as to what they recommend.

One of the fraternity relates a tale. "The highest priced coffee on the market I introduced to my customers and used myself. I began to have bilious attacks and after a little observation attributed them directly to coffee. Every time I left off drinking it I got better, but I felt the need of a warm drink for breakfast."

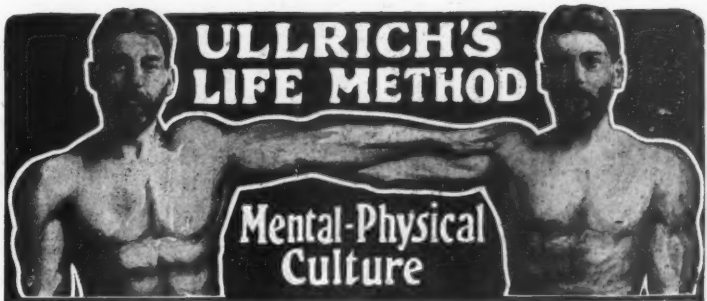
Along in '96 a wholesale grocer urged me to put in some Postum Food Coffee in my store, which I did with considerable misgiving, for, at that time, the now famous Postum was not so well known.

He urged me to try it myself, which I did and was disgusted with the flat, tasteless beverage, so was my wife. I remembered the wholesale grocer said something about following directions carefully, so I took the package and studied it. I at once discovered that we had not boiled it long enough, only three or four minutes, but it must be boiled 15 minutes at least; so we tried it again, with the result that we got a perfect cup of coffee, a delightful and healthful beverage. I have continued the use of Postum in my home ever since. We use it for breakfast, dinner and supper.

My bilious attacks quickly left and I am free from them altogether. I began to explain to my customers something of the value of Postum Coffee and now have a very large trade on it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

**ULLRICH'S LIFE METHOD**

**Mental-Physical Culture**



DO NOT CONFUSE MY LIFE METHOD of Mental-Physical Culture Training WITH ANY OTHER SYSTEM. It is entirely distinct. Other methods develop the muscular tissue ("beef" as athletes term it) to the exclusion of vitality, and frequently to its injury, as in the case of the contortionist. My Life Method, in addition to creating a superb physique, impels the entire being, through nerve and blood exercise and control, to thrill and pulsate with new and permanent life force. It is the one method that does not sacrifice the vital organs. I develop all the muscles systematically, as well as strengthen the stomach, heart, kidneys and other vital organs. My Life Method of Mental-Physical Culture Training preserves perfect health, lengthens life, making it a pleasure rather than a task. If interested write and I will be pleased to forward you a detailed outline of my method together with words of hearty endorsement from substantial business men.

HENRY ULLRICH, 1507-1524 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

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Full information can be obtained from any ticket agent.

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Discrimination is the silken thread that delicately separates the real from the unreal, the beautiful from the homely, the artistic from the inartistic.

If in making our claims, we seem to over-rate their importance, please bear in mind that our actions are the logical results of strong reasons. One half century experience, thousands of the most competent artisans, and choicest of woods, have produced the highest standards of design and workmanship.

Write for illustrated booklet or ask your dealer for it.

**Furniture made Grand Rapids Famous**

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This trade-mark printed in red is placed on furniture and is your protection as to quality when buying.



**895**

**HEIGHT DOLLARS**

and NINETY-FIVE CENTS

Buys the celebrated high grade, new 1902 Model

**EDGEWORTH BICYCLE**, 28-in. wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trimmings, beautifully finished throughout, any color enamel. Strongest guarantee.

\$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle.

\$12.75 for the celebrated 1902 Elgin King or Elgin Queen Bicycle.

\$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 Bicycle made, our three crown nickel joint, Napoleon or Josephine, complete with the very finest equipment, including HORGAN & WRIGHT highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular \$50.00 bicycle.

**10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** on any bicycle ordered. For the most wonderful bicycle offer ever heard of, write for our free 1902 Bicycle Catalogue. Address: SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. CHICAGO

**COOL COLORADO**

Colorado in Summer is the most delightful place on earth. Its climate is simply incomparable, while its magnificent mountain scenery is said to excel the Swiss Alps.

There are many attractive resorts in Colorado, some right in the heart of the Rockies and others along the foot-hills. Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you a copy of our beautiful book "Picturesque Colorado"? Send three cents in stamps to prepay postage to

**T. E. FISHER, General Passenger Agent,**  
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P. S.—Our other handsome books, "Resorts in Plateau Canon" and "Colorado Beauty Spots," sent for three cents. T. E. F.

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Risk a postal. Send us your name for prospectus of the Rayo Mining and Developing Co. of California. Every dollar invested in these shares will return you regular, handsome, dividends.

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# Perfect Physical Development

## Taught by mail — in your own home



### FREDERICK W. STONE

Athletic Instructor of The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture.  
Formerly Director of Athletics of Columbia College and Knickerbocker Athletic Ass'n, New York. At present Director of Athletics of the Chicago Athletic Ass'n, where he has classes daily from 12 to 1 and 4 to 6. At 52 years he is still a physically perfect man. He established the world's record for 100 yards sprint (9 4-5 seconds); has been before the public 32 years as an athlete and instructor and, it must be admitted, is thoroughly qualified to teach.

## Men

In every walk of life should have a keen interest in their physical welfare. Particularly should Lawyers, Doctors, Bankers, Clergymen, Educators, Merchants and others of sedentary occupations, look after their physical being. Ten minutes each day devoted to intelligent, systematic, persistent exercise will actually add years to one's life—a benefit which can hardly be measured in dollars and cents. We are successfully teaching **The Stone Method of Scientific Physical Culture** to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only 10 minutes each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising. No apparatus whatever is required, and you will be put to no expense aside from our modest fee. There is no guesswork about it, for individual instruction is given in every case.

**The Stone Method** is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in 10 minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and are taught by an instructor who is thoroughly versed in physiology. **Does not overtax the heart.** Instead, the flow of blood is stimulated toward the heart, thus relieving that organ, rather than giving it more work to do. Our pupils are of both sexes, and range in age from 12 to 85 years. **The Stone Method** embraces a thorough course in deep breathing, as well as physical training, without extra expense. Few people realize the importance of breathing correctly. It is the means of supplying oxygen to the blood and the value of deep breathing cannot be over estimated.

Conscientiously and systematically follow our instructions and we can promise you a fine, strong, well developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood or womanhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation that will make itself known in a ruddy complexion; bright eyes; sound, easy-working lungs, with plenty of room in which to expand; an increased appetite; good digestion; an active liver; sound, restful sleep; a cheerful disposition; an erect carriage. If you are too fat we can reduce your weight to normal, and if you are thin we can increase your weight to what it should be. In a word, we give you **greater strength, better health, LONGER LIFE.**

We have prepared a 32-page booklet, fully describing **The Stone Method** and our plan of mail instruction. This booklet contains photographs from life of those who have perfected themselves physically by the **The Stone Method.** The booklet shows what you can attain. We want every reader of Collier's to have it. Sent free with measurement blank and testimonials. Write today. It will prove interesting whether you want to take instruction or not.

**The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture**  
1657 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

### From a LAWYER.

After a thorough trial of The Stone Method I am pleased to recommend it unqualifiedly to all those who wish better lungs, harder muscles, and a greater measure of life in general. I am firmly convinced that Mr. Stone has made no claims that he cannot substantiate if his directions are conscientiously carried out.  
JOHN B. ARCHER, Detroit, Mich.

### From a PHYSICIAN.

I am very much pleased with my progress. You time the extent of exercises exactly to suit me. Your system follows physiological laws, therefore must be right. I am only sorry more of my fellow beings do not know of and do not use such a powerful factor for fostering health, happiness and even longevity itself.  
W. N. ROBERTSON, M. D.  
33 Erie St., Stratford, Ont., Can.

### From a BANKER.

I have been greatly benefited by The Stone Method. My muscles have increased in size and firmness, and my general physical condition has improved and I believe that great benefit will be derived by the use of your method in every instance where faithfully followed.  
THOS. W. SYNNOTT,  
Pres. First Nat'l Bank, Glassboro, N. J.

### From a CLERGYMAN.

I have taken the entire course and the benefit has been far greater than I ever expected. I am in better health now than I have been for years and am stronger than ever before in my life. The exercises, though without apparatus, have a better effect than any I have ever taken in a gymnasium. One thing is especially worthy of note: The exercises can be taken without any strain upon the heart.  
REV. R. E. VINSON,  
Pastor 1st Presbyterian Church, Charlestown, W. Va.

### From a TEACHER.

My muscles are firmer, my appetite is good, my sleep is more refreshing and restful. In fact I am much pleased with the results.  
WM. A. RAWLES, Bloomington, Ind.  
Ass't Professor of History and Economics, Indiana University.



Leesburg, Ohio, December, 7, 1901.

When I took up your course, less than two months ago, I was surely in a pitiful plight. What little muscle I possessed was soft and "flabby" and my breathing was very poor. I tried several physicians but found no relief. Finally I tried The Stone Method and now every muscle seems to have doubled in strength. I enclose photo showing development of arm and back muscles. If you could have seen me two months ago, you could better appreciate the development shown. Also when you consider my weight was 140 pounds, and my height 6 ft. 1 in., you may know that I was a hard subject to improve. I heartily recommend your system.  
VASCÖ V. SMITH.

## Women

Receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method of Scientific Physical Culture** as men. Indeed, it is an open question whether they are not susceptible to greater results. The sedentary life of the average woman would seem to indicate this. About forty per cent. of our pupils are women and the results are most gratifying. No woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instructions. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and, when desired, an increased chest (or bust) development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

Every woman has had her expensive experience with drugs for the correction of the ills to which the peculiar and delicate female organism is heir. Had she but known it, she might have obtained permanent relief by devoting only 10 minutes a day to pleasant, healthful exercise, which would have imparted natural strength to every organ, thus enabling them to perform their functions unaided. This is Nature's way, and the only means by which lasting benefit may be expected.

We should like to hear from every woman who has enough interest in her health and in her perfect development to read this advertisement. We have some literature and testimonials which we will send FREE for the asking, and we are confident they will not only prove interesting, but convincing proof of the superiority of **The Stone Method** over any other system of exercise.

### What WOMEN Say.

I am delighted with The Stone Method and find that my general health is much better. The muscles of my arms are much firmer, my nervousness is less and digestion improved.  
MRS. ANDREW DAUGHERTY, 44 Grace Court, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Was much surprised at the wonderful effect your system has on the bones and muscles, and, in fact, on the whole body, the muscles being firmer and stronger than before.  
KATE A. HUNTER, 209 E. 40th St., New York.

My rapid decline is checked. I refuse all medicines from my physician and am relying wholly upon your exercises and fresh air to make me well and strong again.  
MRS. ELMER LANE, Burlington, Kansas.